THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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THE BAYEUX TAPESTRY.

A Rude, But Indisputable, Evidence that the French, Not the Normans, Conquered England.

The Work Done By the Wife of William the Conqueror and Her Ladies.

DUBLIN, May 24.—I made a very great, but at the same time a very excusable, omission in one of my recent letters to THE CITIZEN describing the treasures of art and antiquity that are to be seen in the museum here. I said nothing about the famous Bayeux Tapestry. It was natural that such an omission would be made by a stranger, for the fac simile of the tapestry is in such an out-of-the-way place that one might visit the Dublin museum every day in the year and not see it unless it was pointed out to him. It is pasted up on each side of a long passage between the Science and Art department and the Natural History gallery, and is so close to the floor, and down so low, that strangers hardly ever see it unless their attention is directed to to it by some one.

Most of the readers of THE CITIZEN know that the Bayeux Tapestry was the work of the wife of William the Conqueror, Queen Matilda. The original is preserved either in Rouen or Caen, in France, but the fac simile of it that is to be seen here will give quite as good an idea of it as could be given by the original. The tapestry is a piece of worsted work, about 250 feet long, and 2 feet wide. It never was intended for a carpet, or for any purpose but to commemorate William's victory over the English at the great battle of Hastings. It was certainly the most original plan ever conceived of recording not only a battle, but an invasion. Every incident that had led to the rupture between William, Duke of Normandy, and Harold, the English king, is faithfully portrayed. The figures of men and horses are about one-fifth life size. It would be hard to conceive of anything in the way of pictures so portentously more frightfully rude, or showing less pictorial skill than the figures of men, horses, ships, etc., on this extraordinary piece of woman's work, for we are told that all Queen Matilda's ladies of waiting and maids of honor assisted at it. No Chinese figures on delft dishes are more thoroughly rude, or show a more barbarous style of art than is shown by the figures on the Bayeux Tapestry. Still it is more prized than any other picture or painting in the world, and were it put up for sale at an auction, it would fetch a fabulous price; but I believe it belongs to the French government, who would no more think of selling it than of selling France itself.

So utterly devoid of artistic skill were those who worked the Bayeux Tapestry, that to make their pictures intelligible, they were obliged to put over them headings in Latin that is almost as rude as the figures they attempt to explain. "Here French and English fight," "Here Harold falls," are translations of some of the Latin headings. But to show the frightful racial bigotry of the English, the Latin words on the tapestry signifying "French," are always translated "Norman" in the English translations of the Latin headings, or explanations of the things portrayed. The reader will of course understand that the fac simile of the tapestry was made only quite recently, and that for the benefit of those who do not know Latin, the Latin headings are translated, or as I have shown, in some cases mistranslated into English. If the ships in which William brought his army from France to England, were no bigger than they are represented in Bayeux Tapestry, they were only big open boats. We are told that he had 800 of them; but as his principal force was his cavalry, fully half of his boats must have been almost entirely devoted to carrying horses; the remaining 400 could hardly have carried more than 50 men each; that would give him 20,000 men which is, according to the best modern historians, the utmost number of men he could have had. We are not told by any writers of the period how many men William had. All the data we have to go by is that we are told that he had 800 ships, or, properly speaking, boats, to convey men, horses, baggage, provisions, etc. Mr. Freeman, who devoted nearly half his life to the study of the question, and who has written the longest and most voluminous work on the so-called Norman Conquest of England that ever had been written, believes that twenty thousand men were the most that William could have had, basing his calculations on the number of boats in which he brought his army to England.

I do not know if it is known with certainty where the Bayeux Tapestry was made, whether in England or in France. There seems considerable doubt as to this. It is thought by some that it was made in France immediately after the battle of Hastings, and before William's queen and household joined him in England. But this is a matter of minor importance. Of the genuineness of the work itself, and that it was made by people who were living when the battle was fought, there cannot be even a shadow of doubt. It is, therefore, with all its rudeness as a work of art, the most highly prized and most important historical "document" in the world; for not only does it give pictures of the most important battle that has been fought in a thousand years, it gives the names of the officers that accompanied William in his expedition. The names of the officers do not appear on the fac simile that is in the museum here, so I cannot say anything about them, only that some of the most common Franco-Irish names of the present day, such as De Burgo (Burke), Geraldine (Fitzgerald), Vessy, De Courcy, De Cogan, De Lacy, De Rousselle, etc., may be seen on it. The names of William's officers are, however, also preserved in the Roll of Battle Abbey, a manuscript compiled at the time of the battle of Hastings.

The so often asserted statement that the army with which William conquered England at Hastings, were Northmen and not Frenchmen, receives flat contradiction from the Bayeux Tapestry, for in it his army are called "Frenchmen" no less than three times! Who knew the nationality of the men that conquered England, if themselves did not know? If they looked on themselves as of a race or nationality different from the French, they would certainly not have called themselves Frenchmen, and nothing else. That they were French, and to a large extent, nothing but French, there can be no doubt at all. It is true that many among them may have had Norse blood in their veins; but the Norse element must have been very small indeed, when in three generations after Rolla had been given the dukedom of Normandy by the king of France, every vestige of the Norse language had disappeared, and William the Conqueror and his household spoke only French. Such a thing as a conquering nation losing their language in three generations, and adopting the language of those they conquered, could have taken place only when the conquered were vastly more numerous than the conquerors. France was hardly more than a geographical term for many generations before and after the time of Rolla, the ancestor of William the Conqueror; it was split into half a dozen or more independent principalities and dukedoms, everlastingly at war with one another. The France proper of those days was not much larger than Ireland, consisting only of a few provinces in the centre of the country of which Paris was the capital. It is, therefore, very easy to conceive how a small body of Northmen, who were in those days masters of the seas, should have been able to establish themselves in a maritime province of France and give it their name, just as they gave the name of Finngall to that part of Ireland bordering the sea between Dublin and Drogheda. T.O.R.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

GAELIC ATHLETICS.

Two good football games were played last Sunday afternoon on the Gaelic Association grounds, Thirty-ninth street and Wentworth avenue. In the first the Shamrocks and Wolfe Tones were the competing clubs. The former, having won the football championship for 1893 without losing a game, is generally regarded as the best club in the association. It looked very much as if the Shamrocks would meet defeat at the hands of the Wolfe Tones, the score standing up to the last fifteen minutes at two points to one in favor of the latter. Then an unlooked-for event occurred. With the leather within forty yards of the Tones' goal a sudden storm came up, accompanied by rain, which blew directly on the Shamrocks' backs. Then the Shamrocks scored rapidly, and when the teams were finally compelled to quit the field with five minutes of the time unexpired, the figures were: Shamrocks, 1 goal, 4 points; Wolf Tones, 3 points. Barry, Powers and Nugent for the Shamrocks, and Hanlon, Verdon and Favier for the Tones were the best players. E. O'Reilly of the Innisfail club acted as referee. The players were:

Shamrocks—P. Barry, captain; W. Barry, M. Powers, W. Powers, D. Corbett, P. Ryan, M. Ryan, J. O'Brien, P. Hall, P. Agnew, M. Gallagher, J. Burke, P. Burke, N. Crane, J. Dougherty, P. Nugent, J. Walsh.

Wolfe Tones—J. Favier, captain; J. Walsh, John Sheehan, M. Sheehan, T. Slattery, P. Carey, Ed Grant, P. Keane, M. Hedderman, Joe Fay, L. Murtha, A. Verdon, T. Cremin, P. Sheehan, P. Hanlon, P. Verdon, M. Butler.

The second game, in which the Innisfails and Davitts were the contending parties, was of a much tamer description. The rainstorm which interrupted the preceding match had left the ground in a very slippery condition, and the players rolled all over each other. At the commencement it looked as if the Davitts would be the victors, but toward the end they became demoralized despite the gallant efforts of Capt. Pollard, who, with about a half-dozen of his men, played a very good game. Capt. Naughton and Cooney, formerly of the Dublin Young Ireland club, were the best players on the Innisfails' side. Referee J. McElligott announced at the conclusion of the game that the Innisfails were the winners by a score of 7 to 3. The players were:

Davitts—Walter Pollard, captain; J. Woulfe, E. Ahern, James Moloney, D. Ahern, Costello, M. Ahern, W. Connell, D. Furlong, J. Doody, M. O'Connor, J. Keating, M. Brown, J. Lehane, J. Quinlan, P. Mulcahy.

Innisfails—T. Naughton, captain; J. Geraghty, W. Martin, Pat McElligott, Tim Sullivan, John Callaghan, P. Martin, J. Foran, M. Donohue, J. Taylor, James Mullen, John Cooney, P. Deady, Justin White, Pat Sullivan, Bob Martin, Tom Raleigh.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

WAS IT "RED JIM?"

An Irish-American Citizen Is Positive That He Saw the Notorious Traitor and Informer in Chicago Last Monday.

Alleged To Have Been Seen On Clark Street In Company with a Know-nothing Leader.

[*Chicago Times, June 6.*]

"Red Jim" McDermott, the English spy and informer, is believed to be in Chicago. A man who knows him well asserts positively that he saw him walking south on Clark street near the bridge Monday afternoon. He was in company with a man who is connected with the "A. P. A." paper published here. If that paper, as Irishmen generally believe, is but the organ of English hate and Orange bigotry, "Red Jim" would naturally seek such association. The man who claims to have seen him is willing to make affidavit that "Red Jim" is in Chicago or was on Monday afternoon. It is possible that Scotland Yard, the London detective headquarters, imagined he could do some service by coming here. For some years past, it is suspected, that Chicago has been a fruitful source of information for the English government. LeCaron, it is believed, left somebody behind him, and probably "Red Jim" has come here to consult.

McDermott was born in Dublin in 1840. His reputed father was a coachman for an attorney of his native city named O'Brien, a prominent Orangeman, and there is no doubt that "Red Jim" was the attorney's son. Indeed he has often boasted of it and for years blackmailed O'Brien on the score of being his son. His parents lived close by historic Stephen's Green and in his boyhood he was an altar boy in a Catholic church on Westland row, near his home. Although wholly irreligious as a young man he was cunning enough to ingratiate himself with the parish priest, and when the "Pope's Brigade" was being recruited in Ireland Jim became enthusiastic in the movement. This was in 1860. It was through the churches that the brigade was recruited, but most of those who joined it did not do so merely to fight for the pope and his temporalites. Nine-tenths of the recruits were ardent nationalists, and they regarded it as a good opportunity to pick up some military knowledge with the hope of utilizing it at home in the near future. "Red Jim" went to Italy with the brigade, but it was not to do any fighting. Yet he got one of the Pope's decorations, the cross of St. Sylvester. When one of his companions was asked how he managed to get the decoration his reply was: "Begorra, I don't know unless it was for serving mass and carrying stories." On his return to Ireland this cross gave him a standing, and he became a member of the Irish Revolutionary brotherhood, of which James Stephens was the head. But, despite his cunning and indomitable cheek, his character was soon detected, and he was kicked out of the organization. In 1864 he came to Chicago and remained here for a year or two, being supported by those who had faith in his patriotism. On leaving here he went to New York and ingratiated himself into the favor of John O'Mahony, head center of the Fenian brotherhood, and from that time on found opportunities of making himself useful to the British government. The governing body of the brotherhood and most of its leading men suspected him all the time, but O'Mahony, who was as simple and unsuspecting as he was chivalrous in disposition, held faith in McDermott.

At this time no one suspected he was a spy, but he was generally mistrusted. He was genial in manner, could sing well—"Up with the Green Flag" was his favorite song—and could entertain a public as well as a private audience. Later he got into the good graces of O'Donovan Rossa, was admitted into the United Irishmen, and it was then that he got his first information of positive value. Like O'Mahony, O'Donovan Rossa would not be warned against him.

About this time he did some efficient work for Scotland Yard. The son of O'Brien, the Dublin attorney, arrived in New York as an agent for the English detective department, and McDermott introduced him to his friends as his half brother. O'Brien's mission was of course not known, and in the company of "Red Jim" he was an ardent Dublin patriot. Arthur was then president, and through "Red Jim's" wirepulling and the connivance of an Englishman in the New York postoffice O'Brien was allowed certain extraordinary privileges in the postoffice, and was detected opening letters addressed to certain parties in Ireland and this country.

"Red Jim" for awhile was reporter for New York and Brooklyn newspapers. It was he in effect who exploited the Beecher-Tilton scandal, taking his cue from an article in *Mrs. Woodhull's Weekly*. The monumental cheek and indomitable energy in wrong doing of "Red Jim" was shown in 1873 when the remains of O'Mahony were being taken to Ireland for interment. He got himself appointed correspondent for the trip for the Brooklyn *Argus* and used the opportunity to glorify himself in Ireland and advance himself in the graces of Scotland yard.

McDermott by his hearty manner, jovial disposition, and faculty of making himself agreeable won the heart of the daughter of an American iron founder in Brooklyn. They were married, but "Red Jim's" habits were such that the wife soon became disgusted with him and sought a divorce. She employed a detective to become friendly with and watch him. After awhile Jim became supicious of his companion and during one of their carousels he picked the detective's pockets and found some letters showing his purpose. Thereupon "Red Jim" shot the detective, but not fatally. He escaped punishment through political influence he was able to bring to bear. This was in 1872, and some time afterward he stabbed a man during a quarrel in Brooklyn.

But "Red Jim" had a narrow escape himself at one time. After returning to New York from one of his trips to Ireland it became pretty thoroughly established that he had been in communication with English agents, and was confronted with the charge, which he laughingly denied. But his day for deception had passed and a certain little man named Dick Short accepted the task of getting rid of the informer. He fired three bullets at him, only one taking effect, "Red Jim" escaping with his life by runing away. When the cherge against Short came up for a final hearing "Red Jim" had skipped the country and ever since has been under the protection of Scotland yard in London.

But, if he is now in Chicago, as is so positively asserted, what brings him here and whom has he come to visit?

Superstition of the Turks.

The superstition of the Turks is nowhere so apparent as in their fear of the "evil eye." Jugs placed around the edge of the roof, or an old shoe filled with garlic and blue beets (blue glass balls or rings) are a sure guard against this illusion. Whenever a pretty child is playing upon the street the passers-by will say: "Oh, what an ugly child!" for fear of inciting the evil spirit against its beauty. The peasant classes in Turkey are, of course, the most superstitious because they are the most ignorant. They have no education whatever, and can neither read nor write. Stamboul is the only great city of which they know. Paris is a term signifying the whole outside world. An American millionaire was once asked: "In what part of Paris is America?" Yet it can be said that they are generally honest, and always patient. They earn from about six to eight cents a day. This will furnish them with ekmek and pilaff, and that is all they expect. They eat meat only on feast days, and then only mutton. The taxgatherer is their only grievance; they look upon him as a necessary evil. They have no idea of being ground down under the oppressor's iron heel. Yet they are happy because they are contented, and have no envy. The poorer, the more ignorant, a Turk is, the better he seems to be. As he gets money and power, and becomes "contaminated" by western civilization, he deteriorates.—"*Across Asia on a Bicycle*," *in the Century*.

George Washington and Washington Irving.

Washington Irving's father was a Scotchman who had settled in New York a dozen years before the Revolution. During the British occupation of Manhattan Island the Irvings were stanch patriots, and did what they could to relieve the sufferings of the American prisoners in the city. A few months before the evacuation day, which the inhabitants of New York were to keep as a holiday for a century after, Washington Irving was born, on April 3, 1783, being, like Benjamin Franklin, the youngest of many sons. The boy was not baptized until after Washington and his army had entered the city. "Washington's work is ended," said the mother, "and the child shall be named after him."

New York came out of the Revolution half in ruins, and wasted by its long captivity; its straggling streets filled only the toe of the island, and it had less than twenty-five thousand inhabitants.

But the little city began to grow again as soon as peace returned. It was in New York, in 1789, that Washington took the oath as the first President of these United States. One day not long thereafter a Scotch maid-servant of the Irvings, struck with the enthusiasm which everywhere greeted the great man, followed him into a shop with the youngest son of the family, and said, "Please, your honor, here's a bairn was named for you." Washington placed his hand on the head of the boy and gave him his blessing.—*Brander Matthews, in St. Nicholas.*

$100 Reward $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address,

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CATHOLIC TEETOTALERS.

Convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union at Peoria on Sunday, May 27.

Business of the Gathering—Adoption of Reports and Election of Officers.

The Catholic Total Abstinenc Union of Illinois held its twenty-third annual convention in Rouse's hall, in the city of Peoria, on May 27, and was one of the most representative conventions that the State's Union has yet held. The Chicago delegation were accompanied by the Father Mathew fife and drum band, and were escorted from the train, at Peoria, by the Patriotic Sons of Father Mathew, Chicago, the Peoria Commandery, Knights of Father Mathew Assembly, and Father Mathew Total Abstinence and Benevolent Society, Peoria, to the hall, where the convention was held. The proceedings opened with prayer by the Rev. T. P. Hodnett, president of the Union, who, in his wonted eloquent and forcible manner, addressed the delegates, and at the conclusion he was honored with loud applause.

The following committees were appointed by the chair: Committee on Credentials, John J. Nash, of Annunciation; Charles McGuern, St. Malachi's; J. J. Kelly, Young Men's, Chicago; J. Murphy, Father Mathew, Peoria; P. J. Kennedy, Father Mathew, Chicago; 1st Vice-President Mrs. Jennie Clancy, Chicago; P. Doyle, Patriotic Sons of Father Mathew, Chicago; James P. Gallagher, Holy Family. On Constitutional Amendments, Judge Walter J. Gibbons, T. F. Cunneen, James Slattery of Peoria, B. F. Keating of Streator, T. J. Ryan and James B. Gubbins of Chicago, James Ford of Ottawa. On Resolutions, Rev. M. P. Dowling, S. J., Rev. T. P. Hodnett, Miss Maggie Ryan, James A. Keating, William J. Quinlan. On Auditing, James Breslane, L. J. Ryan, Michael Kenney, J. McCauliff, John Howard. The convention then adjourned until 3 o'clock.

The proceedings on re-assembling were opened by the appointment of a committee, consisting of Messrs. James Rodgers, J. R. Whalen and James Shannon, to wait on the Right-Rev. Bishop Spalding and extend to him an invitation to favor the convention with his presence. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and adopted. The president then introduced Rev. P. J. O'Reilly, Vicar-General of the diocese, who, in the name of the diocese of Peoria, the Right-Rev. Bishop Spalding, the clergy and laity, bade the delegates and visitors a hearty welcome. The president, Father Hodnett, thanked the reverend speaker for his cordial words of welcome. James Brockmeier, of the Father Mathew Assembly, on behalf of the home delegates, bade the delegates and visitors a "Cead Mille Failthe," to which the president responded in a befitting manner.

The reports of the Secretary and Treasurer were read and adopted. The Committtee on Credentials submitted their report as follows: The societies constituting the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of Illinois, having paid their per capita tax, are represented by the following delegates: Annunciation, John F. Cunneen, John J. Nash, Thomas J. Lyons. Father Mathew, P. J. Kennedy, Michael Kenney, M. McGarrihy. Holy Family, T. J. Ryan, James Clary, James P. Gallagher. Patriotic Sons of Father Mathew, P. Doyle, John McNearney, P. M. Carmody. Sacred Heart, John McEnary, J. McCauliff, Charles Heary. Holy Family Cadets, John Howard, T. O'Donnell, James Perdin. St. Monica's, Ladies, Mrs. Prendergast, Miss Agnes Thompson, Miss Maggie Ryan. St. Malachi's, James Breslane, Charles McGuern. Young Men's T. A. and B. of Holy Name, W. J. Gibbons, John Kelly, William Herely. Father Mathew, Peoria, J. R. Whalen, Thomas O'Brien, Jeremiah Murphy. Knights of Father Mathew Assembly, Peoria, J. L. Slattery, A. J. Brockmeier, F. J. O'Brien. Ladies' Auxiliary of Immaculate Conception. Miss Maggie Doecy, Mrs. Col. Fetter, Mrs. S. J. Shaughnessy. Father Mathew, Braidwood, James W. Burick. Father Mathew, Ottawa, James Ford. Father Mathew, Streator, B. F. Keating, James Munn. James A. Keating. Delegates at large, Rev. T. P. Hodnett, President; Mrs. Jennie Clancy, 1st Vice-President; James Ford, 2nd Vice-President; P. H. Donnelly, State Organizer; W. J. O'Connor, Recording Secretary; William Quinlan, Corresponding and Financial Secretary. E. P. Hayes, Treasurer.

The National Delegate submitted his report, which, although pretty long, was very interesting. Letters of regret were read from the following distinguished prelates and clergy, who are in hearty sympathy with the temperance movement, and who expressed their sincere regret that they could not attend the convention: Most-Rev. P. A. Feehan, Archbishop of Chicago; Right-Rev. Jas. Ryan, Bishop of Alton; Rev. James E. Cox, C. C., St. Jarlath's church, Chicago, and others. The Committee on Constitution submitted their report, which was to effect the endorsement of the constitution as revised at last year's convention in Ottawa, without change, with a recommendation to have the same printed and distributed as soon as possible. At this point Right-Rev. Bishop Spalding entered the meeting and was given a cordial reception. He addressed the convention in a short and appropriate speech. President Father Hodnett paid a glowing tribute to the bishop as he closed his remarks. The audience knelt to receive the bishop's blessing, after which he left the hall.

The Auditing Committee submitted their report which showed the amount of cash on hand since May 28, 1893, $108.72; receipts since, $71.20; expenses, $87.85, leaving a total balance on hand at this date of $92.07, and that the Secretary and Treasurer's books compared and found correct. The report was received. The Committee on Resolutions recommended that the Union stand on the principles and resolutions adopted at the last convention, and also earnestly recommended the institution of the League of the Cross as a valuable auxiliary to the total abstinence movement. The report was received.

The President introduced Rev. M. P. Dowling, S.J., who opened calmly from his unlimited fund of eloquent oratory a fierce war on that demon of ruin and social destruction, called drunkenness. He forcibly advocated the introduction of branches of the League of the Cross wherever practicable, and strongly recommended it to the favorable consideration of the delegates for their endorsement, echoing the words of the illustrious Cardinal Manning: "I would have two kinds of pledges, one for the mortified who never taste drink, and the other for the temperate who never abuse it; if I can make these two classes work together I will work in their midst; if I cannot get them to work together I will work with both of them separately." The eloquent gentleman's remarks were received with loud applause.

Mrs. Jennie Clancy moved that the C. T. A. Union of Illinois join hands with Father Dowling in helping to build up the League of the Cross. The motion was seconded by J. L. Slattery, of Peoria. The question met with a vigorous opposition from some of the delegates. Walter J. Gibbons stated that although in hearty sympathy with the movement, he could not see how the State's Union could support any society but the C. T. A. Union, and although we could not walk before we crept, he did not believe in having too many irons in the fire. Several other delegates aired their views adverse to the measure. It was then moved to table the motion, which was lost. A division on the original motion showed the vote to be 23 ayes to 16 nays, seven of the delegates not voting, thereby endorsing the League of the Cross.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing term: President, Rev. Thos. P. Hodnett; 1st Vice-President, Miss Maggie Doecy, Springfield; 2nd Vice-President, Joseph Ford, Ottawa; Recording Secretary, J. L. Slattery, Peoria; Treasurer, E. P. Hayes, Chicago.

Considerable interest was manifested in the selection of delegates to the Nation convention, to be held in St. Paul, in August. The following gentlemen were unanimously elected to represent the State's Union: E. P. Hayes, Walter J. Gibbons and William J. Quinlan. Streator, Ill., was selected for holding the next annual convention.

Resolutions of thanks were tendered to the Catholic press of the State, the press of the city, the Father Mathew society of Chicago, to the Right-Rev. Bishop Spalding, Rev. M. P. Dowling, S.J., P. J. O'Reilly, Vicar-General, and President Rev. T. P. Hodnett, for services rendered. The convention then adjourned, sine die, with prayer, at 8:15 p. m., after a long and interesting session.

W. J. O'CONNOR,
Rec. Sec'y.

Tossing on the "Briny"

Is very far from amusing, untraveled reader, if so be you are one. A rebellion fomented by each mountainous wave that smites the vessel's hull threatens absolutely to dislodge your very vitals from their natural resting place, and a nausea so frightful that it would reconcile you to a termination of your sufferings by shipwreck harasses you. Well for you then, or rather before this crisis, if you are provided with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a swift remedy for and preventive of the nausea of travelers by sea or land, nervousness caused by the vibration of the screw of a steamer or the jarring of a railway train, and an antidote to bowel, liver and stomachic troubles caused by impure water and unaccustomed food. The Bitters also, counteracts the effects of fatigue and exposure, and is a safeguard against malaria, rheumatism and kidney trouble.

A Night On the Way.

We know of many business men who have traveled between Chicago and St. Paul over fifty times within the past five years and have never seen an inch of the track between Milwaukee, LaCrosse and Winona, yet, notwithstanding, they will assert that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is the best and most attractive railway between the Great Lakes and the Twin Cities (St. Paul and Minneapolis.) They know nothing, beyond heresay, of the beautiful scenery through the Lake Region of Wisconsin or along the Upper Mississippi river, which a daylight ride over this great railway affords; but they back their judgment on their experience with the night train service, which enables them to start from one terminal in the evening and arrive at the other terminal in the morning. The traveler knows instinctively that the track is perfect, because there is no appreciable jolt or jar. He knows that there is not in Europe or America a more complete and satisfactory train than the Electric Lighted, Steam Heated Vestibule Limited, with its berth reading lamps and other magnificent appointments. The Dining Car service is superb. Supper is served on the train leaving Chicago each evening; breakfast on the train arriving at Chicago each morning. Is it any wonder that business men and tourists prefer this—the best—route between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis? Ticket office, 207 and 209 Clark street, Chicago.

RAILWAY BANDITS.

Another Dastardly Attempt to Rob a Train.

THE MISCREANTS MOVE A RAIL.

But Fail in Their Object of Sending the Cars Over a High Embankment—Scene of the Crime a Noted Region in Southern Illinois—Fight with Pistols on the Rail—Three Men Hurt in the Melee—Woman Killed at Chicago.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., June 5.—A dispatch from Columbia, Ills., states that passenger train No. 5 on the Mobile and Ohio, which left here at 8:35 p. m., was ditched at Fish Lake, near Columbia, by train robbers. The engineer and firemen are reported fatally and others seriously injured. The ditching was caused by a rail which had been loosened. The whole train left the track and had it gone over the high embankment a heavy loss of life would have resulted. The engine was thrown down the embankment, the baggagecar was torn to pieces and all the other cars were knocked from the track.

Several Suspects Arrested.

All kinds of rumors were afloat in East St. Louis and St. Louis, as the train was the same one which suffered several attacks at Forest Lawn at the hands of robbers, and many feared that they had at last succeeded in carrying out their plans of robbery. Several men were arrested after the accident at East Carondolet, Ills., as the authorities there had good grounds to believe that the train had not only been held up, but that the villains had caused the wreck in order to accomplish their purpose.

Costs Two Human Lives.

Chief Walsh, of East St. Louis, detailed four officers to go to Columbia, which is about twenty-three miles distant, to work on the affair, and the men went to the scene on a special engine. It is known that the robbers were scared away without having secured anything. Nobody saw the would-be robbers, but fresh tracks leading from the scene of the wreck indicated that they had been there and fled when the attempt to totally disable the train failed. It is ascertained that Engineer Keefe was killed and Fireman Collins fatally injured. Richard Nagel has been arrested by the East St. Louis police on suspicion of being one of the wreckers.

HAD A DISPUTE WITH PISTOLS.

The Two Principals and a Would-Be Peacemaker Hurt.

PARIS, Tex., June 5.—A bloody affray with pistols took place on the northbound 'Frisco passenger train near Grant, I. T., last night between Shube Looke and Will Everidge as a result of a dispute. Locke was wounded in the right side and Everidge in the right thigh. Deputy Marshal Gardner, in endeavoring to separate them was shot through the left thigh. Whether any of the wounds will prove dangerous cannot be learned. Both men are of Indian blood and were of opposing sides in the Locke-Jones war of last year.

Woman Murdered for Seven Dollars.

CHICAGO, June 5.—Mrs. Giuseppe Fiora was shot and instantly killed by Louis Vecki. Frank Fiora, her husband, was seriously wounded. The shooting was the result of a quarrel between Vecki and Fiora because the latter refused to pay rent amounting to $7.

REPUBLICANS CARRY OREGON.

Legislature in Doubt, With a Possible Populist Balance of Power.

PORTLAND, Ore., June 5.—The most exciting election in the history of the state took place yesterday. Lord (Republican) for governor is undoubtedly elected by a large plurality. The entire Republican state ticket is probably elected, with the possible exception of Irwin, for superintendent of schools. The legislature will be very close, and the Populists may hold the balance of power in the senate.

The Republicans, however, claim they will have a majority in both houses. Hermann (Republican) is elected to congress from the First district by from 1,000 to 2,000 majority. Ellis (Republican) is in the lead in the Second district, but the greater part of the Second district is cut off by the flood and no returns will be received for several days.

PORTLAND, Or., June 5.—Based on returns received up to this writing Lord's (Republican) plurality for governor will not fall short of 5,000 and may reach 10,000.

Want the "Dogs" Called In.

LINNEUS, Mo., June 5.—The latest turn in the chase of the Taylor brothers, who killed the Meeks family, is a letter from W. P. Taylor to parties in Browning. The contents of the letter have not been made public, except a small part and that is about as follows: "If the authorities will call in the pursuers and dogs the Taylors will surrender and stand trial. They claim they are innocent and can prove it if given a chance."

Business Troubles at St. Joseph.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., June 5.—Steele & Walker, wholesale grocers of this city, have failed and their collapse has carried down their branch house at Wichita, Kas., and the Davis, Steele & Co. bank, of Belleville, Kas. The liabilities of Steele & Walker are, so far as reported, $710,000, and the assets up to this writing $790,000. The run on the First National and Central Savings banks has ceased. The banks are "sound as a dollar."

Another Navy of 'Wealers.

DENVER, June 5.—The 1,100 members of the commonweal army who have for three days been constructing flatboats with which to float down the Platte river to Plattsmouth and from there down the Missouri to St. Louis, have completed 110 boats and expect to reach St. Louis in about twenty days.

A Bolt Against Lewelling.

TOPEKA, Kan., June 5.—An organized Populist bolt against the renomination of Lewelling is under way and a call has been issued by W. F. Rightmire, who is a candidate on the Populist ticket for chief justice, and others, inviting "middle-of-the-road" Populists to meet at Topeka June 11.

The Social Evil at New York.

NEW YORK, June 5.—Sensational testimony has been given in the police investigation. Two women, formerly keepers of disreputable resorts, testified explicitly and in detail to the payment of large sums of money to various police captains and their agents for immunity from raids.

FATAL FIRE AT OTTUMWA.

Three Business Blocks in the Iowa City Consumed and One Life Lost.

OTTUMWA, June 4.—Three business blocks and twenty dwellings were destroyed by fire in this city. One life was lost, one man will die, two were badly injured and property valued at $200,000 was burned. The dead—James S. Rimour, burned to death. The injured—Bert Patterson, overcome by heat and smoke; unconscious; will die. Nicholas Reuner, leg broken. Jerry Seymour, overcome by heat and hurt by falling walls. The day was intensely hot, the city was crowded with miners and their sympathizers, and the general discomfort was added to by a hot wind which blew in from the sands of Kansas and the south. The wind blew a gale and was terribly oppressive.

So many women fainted and so many men were overcome with the heat that a hospital was improvised in the school house yard, where the patients were waited upon by every physician in the city. A belief that the whole city was burning made the scene one of the wildest confusion. A trolley wire broke and knocked down a horse and badly burned one man. The origin of the fire is not known, but is believed to be a spark from a passing locomotive. The insurance is light, and at least twenty families are homeless and penniless.

The following is a list of the heaviest losers: W. R. Beck, druggist, $5,000; Charles Reifsnyder & Son, butchers and cold storage, $15,000, J. M. Kaiser, meat market building, $2,500; Morris & Co., stock, $500; Mangan & Co., grocers, building $300, stock $2,000; E. J. McLaughlin, grocer, $15,000; Jerry Seymour, cooper, $3,000; John Feehan, saloon and two dwellings, $4,500; Cascade laundry, $4,000; Poe Underwood, druggist, $6,000; John Bauer, residence, $5,000; Mary Leighton, three dwellings, $3,500; Samuel Mohan, brick building and dwellings, $6,500; W. D. Turner, dwelling, $1,500.

LET THE LITTLE ONES DIE.

Insured Children Neglected by Their Parents When Taken Sick.

BAY CITY, Mich., June 4.—A sensation was caused here by the publication of an interview with Sanitary Officer Wyman in relation to the deaths of certain children from alleged neglect of parents in cases of diphtheria for the purpose of securing the small amount of insurance upon their lives. The sanitary officer says that the cases have occurred so often that he is forced to believe that the shameful neglect and carelessness of parents were due to the fact that the lives of their children were insured. Experience has convinced him that in several instances innocent lives have been sacrificed to an insatiable greed for gain.

The policies range from $15 upward and are carried by a company which makes a specialty of juvenile business. Where children had died of diphtheria because medical assistance was called too late the fact was brought out by the sanitary officers on inquiry of parents as to their neglect that the lives of the little ones had been insured. The unfeeling manner in which the explanation was made left no doubt in his mind that the lack of attention was premeditated, and that little regret was felt at the result.

FAILURE AT ST. JOSEPH.

Wholesale Grocery House Placed in the Hands of a Trustee.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., June 4.—Intense excitement prevails in this city and two banks—the First national and the Central Savings—are surrounded by great crowds of depositors, who are anxious to withdraw their money. The cause of the panicky feeling is twofold. In the first place a number of men who are interested in the banks were affected by the Schuster failure, and, as a result of this failure, the large wholesale grocery house of Steele & Walker passed into the hands of a trustee.

The announcement of this step caused much surprise, which turned into alarm when the fact was recalled that large holders of stock in the two banks mentioned are heavily interested in the house of Steele & Walker. This then caused an immense crowd of people to surround each bank. The firm of Steele & Walker was one of the most prominent and did the largest business of any on the Missouri river. The liabilities and assets are large, but the exact figures are not yet known.

Offered the Old Terms.

PUNXSUTAWNEY, Pa., June 4.—Authentic reports are that the Berwind-White Coal company has offered the old employes the wages demanded. If they see fit to accept they will be put to work at once. If the terms are not accepted by the old employes the company will put new men in immediately, as it is determined to open the Horatio mines this week. The company will take measures to protect the workmen. Many of the citizens of Lindsey are already sworn in as deputies, much against their will, and the town is filled with excited people.

Great Feat in Railroad Repairing.

DENVER, June 4.—The Denver and Rio Grande railroad was opened for traffic in the Arkansas valley above Pueblo. President Jeffery and his assistants are receiving congratulations on the greatest feat in railroad repairing ever accomplished in Colorado. The Gulf main line south is reopened and the trains are running to a point near Boulder, which was cut off from the outside world four days. The South park to Leadville has been opened up, but the Colorado Central is still blockaded.

Negroes Cannot Stand the Work.

SCOTTDALE, Pa., June 4.—The negroes brought into the coke regions within the last few days by the Rainey company are now leaving. The cause assigned is that they cannot stand the heavy work. The operators were expecting large gains from the ranks of the strikers, but not a union man reported for duty and the men continue to remain firm.

Think $50 Was Enough.

GREENSBURG, June 4.—The taxpayers of this city are indignant because the city council has voted to increase the pay of members from $30 to $100. Steps will be taken to cause a repeal of the resolution.

Jumped to Her Death.

NEW YORK, June 4.—Sarah Fassler jumped from the roof of a burning tenement house to Goerck street and was killed. Two other persons were slightly injured in making ther escape.

Proclamation of Governor Matthews.

INDIANAPOLIS, June 1.—The governor issued a proclamation warning the striking miners against interfering with the passage of railroad trains

SUGAR IN THE SENATE.

SOME MORE INVESTIGATION TESTIMONY SUBMITTED.

Carlisle, Mills, McPherson and Warner All Deny Having Flirted With the Sugar Trust—Congressman Kiefer's Bill Providing for a National Board of Arbitration to Settle Strikes.

WASHINGTON, June 4.—Sugar played an important part in the senate. The testimony of Secretary Carlisle, Senators Mills and McPherson and Congressman John DeWitt Warner before the sugar trust investigating committee was presented to the senate by the committee, and the debate on the tariff bill was confined principally to the sugar schedule. There were just thirteen senators, six Democrats and seven Republicans in the chamber when the senate entered upon the tenth week of the tariff debate. Hoar suggested the absence of a quorum, and twenty minutes were spent waiting presence of the forty-three senators necessary to proceed with business. A resolution providing for the payment of the expenses of the bribery and other investigating committees out of the contingent fund was adopted.

Tariff Bill Taken Up.

At 10:30 the tariff bill was taken up, the sugar schedule being pending. Vest took the floor and made a short explanation concerning the controverted point in Saturday's debate as to the existence of the sugar trust in 1890. Senators Aldrich and Sherman had contended that the present trust was not in existence, and that its stock was not listed on the New York Stock board. Vest produced some authorities to show that 6,926,000 shares of the stock of the Sugar Refining company were sold in the market in New York in 1890, which at $100 per share represents over $900,000,000. He had as much right to insinuate that the sugar trust dictated the sugar schedule in the McKinley bill as senators on the other side had to impunge the action of the majority in the present congress.

All Made Denials.

During the proceedings the report was submitted by the committee investigating the sugar trust charges, which embodied the testimony given before the committee by Secretary Carlisle, Senators Mills and McPherson, and Congressman Warner. All these men denied having flirted with the big trust. Mills knew nothing of the reported secret interview of Secretary Carlisle on the sugar question. Secretary Carlisle's statement was not materially different from that given to the press officially the day after he was before the committee, but some points are presented in greater detail. Carlisle denied in emphatic terms that he had ever made a secret call upon the finance committee or made a demand upon them to protect sugar because of the Democratic party's obligations to the sugar trust.

PLAN TO SETTLE STRIKES.

Congressman Kiefer's Bill Provides for National Board of Arbitration.

WASHINGTON, June 4.—A plan for adjusting labor difference through a national board of arbitration has been formulated by Representative Kiefer of Minnesota. The bill provides for the appointment by the president of three commissioners of arbitration. The commissioner of labor is made ex-officio a member of the board. The governor of a state in which a labor controversy occurs is also a member. The board of arbitration thus consists of five members. In order to secure the offices of the board application is first made to the governor, the form of application being set forth in the bill. The application may be made by employers or employes.

In the latter case it must be in behalf of at least fifty employes of an organization having 1,000 members throughout the country. If the governor is satisfied that a conflict exists which cannot be amicably settled, he applies to the national board of arbitration to take charge of the question. The board assembles in the state capitol, hears evidence and arbitrates the difference in the usual manner. Its decisions are made as binding as those of a federal court of law. Provision is also made for enforcing the decision of arbitration. Pending the hearing of the board the governor is clothed with powers to preserve the peace and suppress a strike.

Exterminating the Chinch Bug.

EMPORIA, Kan., June 4.—Since the location of a chinch bug station at Emporia an immense business has been transacted in shipping infected bugs to all points of the compass. Professor George I. Adams has charge of the station and states that so far every consignment of bugs sent out has accomplished the wished for result—that of spreading a contagion among healthy bugs in the fields and killing them off by millions. He also states that the business of the station is increasing. Letters are received from Texas and Mexico requesting shipments of bugs and directions for use.

Bank Wreckers Sentenced.

INDIANAPOLIS, June 4.—Judge Baker in the United States court overruled a motion for a new trial of the wreckers of the Indianapolis National bank and sentenced F. A. Coffin to ten years and Percival B. Coffin to five years in the penitentiary. The sentence of Albert S. Reed was suspended. It is believed he will not be sent up. T. P. Haughey, president of the late bank, will be sentenced Tuesday.

Anti-Liquor League.

VALPARAISO, Ind., June 4.—An anti-liquor league has been organized here. J. H. Wilson is president of the league. Local branches will be formed immediately in every school district of the county. Nearly 800 members have signed the membership roll. This week they will endeavor to make cases against saloon keepers who are applying for licenses at this session of the county commissioners.

Another Navy of 'Wealers.

DENVER, June 5.—The 1,100 members of the commonweal army who have for three days been constructing flatboats with which to float down the Platte river to Plattsmouth and from there down the Missouri to St. Louis, have completed 110 boats and expect to reach St. Louis in about twenty days.

Sanders' "Army" Mutinies.

LEAVENWORTH, Kan., June 4.—General Sanders' commonweal army has mutinied. Marshal Neely undertook to remove them to a more favorable place, but they offered resistance. Four troops of cavalry were dispatched to the camp and the 'wealers soon changed their location.

ANOTHER FIGHT IN COLORADO.

One Miner and One Deputy Shot—Both Sides Making Arrests.

CRIPPLE CREEK, Col., June 4.—A skirmish took place at an early hour near Midland tollgate between five deputies and three miners, who were out from the main body at Divide as pickets. Several shots were fired on both sides. Jack David, a miner, was shot in the arm and a deputy was seriously wounded. The deputies were forced to retreat.

Besides taking Henry E. Woods, president of the Victor Town Site company into custody, the strikers seized Clarence O. Finch, county superintendent of schools, and D. E. Watkins, a Colorado Springs school teacher, and they are now held prisoners on Bull hill as hostages for President Calderwood, or any other miners who may be arrested. John Shorten, editor of the Cripple Creek Herald, organ of the miners union, has been arrested by the deputies.

It is reported here that over 1,000 deputies have taken a train at Divide for Midland, the terminus of the Midland Terminal railway, and will proceed at once to Bull Hill. The telegraph office at Divide refuses to send out messages and the sentinels will not permit any travel between this city and Divide.

HIGH WATER AT DENVER.

People on the Low Lands Compelled to Fly for Their Lives.

DENVER, June 1.—Platte river continues to rise and a raging torrent is likely to continue pouring through this city. Colfax and Jerome Park were flooded and the people living on the low ground had to flee for their lives. The railway embankments were washed away in places and bridges were badly damaged. The loss will not be very great, but the inconvenience will be extreme.

In Jerome Park and vicinity 175 families were driven out of their houses and are camped on higher ground. As many more families living on the river bottoms in this city also fled to higher ground. Edward Whitman, a boy fell into the torrent and was drowned. No other fatalities have been reported. It will be several days before trains can be run on schedule time on any of the roads entering Denver.

GIVEN ANOTHER REPRIEVE.

Prendergast's Case Will Not Come Up Until the Fall Term.

CHICAGO, June 4.—Assassin Prendergast, who murdered Mayor Harrison last October, has been given another lease of life. His trial for insanity has been again postponed and this time for several months. It will not come up untill fall and then there is every probability that Judge Chetlain will hear it. A paper, which is a formal agreement to this postponement, signed by all the lawyers in the case excepting Mr. Trude, is now in the possession of State's Attorney Kern. It is said that every effort has been made to get the case away from Judge Chetlain, but without success. If it had come up June 11 it would have been brought before some other judge. The postponement until fall enables Prendergast's lawyers to have it heard by Judge Chetlain.

KELLY'S ARMY DISRUPTED.

Dissension Causes 300 Men to Leave Under Speed's Leadership.

ST. LOUIS, June 1.—At daylight Kelly's fleet started down the river to Cairo. Owing to dissension in the "navy" about 200 of the commonwealers under the leadership of Colonel Speed refused to continue with Kelly. They are still encamped on the levee and are debating whether to go to Washington overland or follow the regular contingent.

Mrs. Edna Harper of Council Bluffs deserted the party. She alleges that her departure is due to indignation over the improper conduct of Mrs. Hooten and General Kelly. One of the skiffs of the navy was caught in the suction created by a passing ferryboat and its two occupants thrown into the stream. John Becker of Omaha was drowned. The other man was rescued.

MAKES A SERIOUS CHARGE.

Anti-Mortem Statement of a Man Who Is Fatally Shot.

CHICAGO, June 2.—Special Agent James C. Maxwell of the Grand Trunk road is under arrest here charged with being implicated in the fatal shooting on an incoming train of George C. Newcomb, assistant special agent of the Western Indiana railroad. Maxwell, after the shooting, reported that Newcomb had been shot by a confidence man; but in an anti-mortem statement Newcomb made disclosures that indicated the existence of a conspiracy between Maxwell and a gang of confidence men which has been operating on the road to rob passengers and divide the plunder. Newcomb, who is dying at the hospital, thinks he was shot because he would not join the conspiracy.

Ohio Miners Stop Coal Trains.

BRIDGEPORT, O., June 4.—A mob of 300 miners assembled here armed with clubs and guns, and when a coal train was started for Cleveland, on the Cleveland and Wheeling railroad, the mob surrounded the train and forced the crew to take it back to the yards. Another effort will be made to start two trains to Cleveland and trouble is expected, as the strikers are determined to prevent the running of coal trains. They have blocked the tracks and are awaiting the attempt of the railroad company to open up their road.

Car Works Wiped Out by Fire.

LACONIA, N. H., June 4.—Fire broke out in the paint shop of the Laconia Car works and destroyed $100,000 worth of property. The paint shop, the foundry, the erecting shop, two of the company's tenements, storehouses and stables, all were rapidly raised by the flames. After practically wiping out the first plant the fire attacked the refrigerator buildings of Swift & Co., leveling them and entailing a loss of $11,000; insurance, $5,000.

Lynching in Colorado.

GOLDEN, Colo., June 4.—Alexander McCurdy, who horribly mutilated his stepbrother, Charles Berry, whom he suspected of intimacy with his wife last winter, was taken from jail and lynched after being subjected to the same treatment he gave Berry.

Fatal Lighting Stroke in Ohio.

AKRON, O., June 1.—Lightning struck the house of William Hall at Lakeview and wrecked the structure. Mrs. Hall and her baby were buried in the ruins. Both were terribly injured, Mrs. Hall's wounds being fatal.

PRAIRIE STATE NOTES.

ITEMS OF INTEREST GATHERED HERE AND THERE.

Telegraphic Reports of Some of the Events Which Have Taken Place in Our Own State and Compiled for Our Own Readers—Illinois News of Interest.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., June 1.—Cornelius Belder, a drunken farmer, while coming to the city near midnight from Krouse's park, became involved in a difficulty with some one on the car, and drawing a revolver began shooting. Four persons were struck, two persons named Heinman, Fred Edwards, and a woman whose name could not be learned. One of the Heinemans was shot in the head and Edwards in the left side of the abdomen. The woman was struck in the breast. None of the victims are dead. Belder made his escape by jumping from the car.

Colonel Will Not Speak at Fulton.

FULTON, Ills., June 2.—Colonel W. C. P. Breckinridge has declined the invitation to deliver the oration here July 4. He says in his letter that urgent business at Washington and the great distance to Fulton prevent his accepting. The invitation to Colonel Breckinridge was sent some time ago and he replied at first that he could not give a definite answer until later. The committee that planned to have him act as orator of the day was subjected to considerable criticism on the ground that Colonel Breckinridge was not a proper man to serve on such an occasion.

Crop Prospects in Illinois.

SPRINGFIELD, May 30.—The weather crop bulletin of the Illinois weather service for the week ended May 28, 1894, says that the temperature of the past seven days has been below the normal throughout the state. Light frost occurred on the 28th which probably did some damage to tender vegetation. In the northern division much corn will have to be replanted owing to the frost of the 19th and 20th of this month. Rye is not as promising as it was, while wheat is generally in good condition.

Kinman Wants to Return.

JACKSONVILLE, Ills., June 4.—At last Edward M. Kinman, who mysteriously disappeared here several weeks ago, has been heard from. He has wandered as far away as Helena, Mont., from which place he writes a pathetic letter home, saying that he wants to come back. It seems that it was discouragement over financial losses that prompted him to take the rash step. He has endured many hardships during his wandering and is ready to come back.

Tried to Behead His Wife.

ALTON, Ills. June 2.—Max Dukenbrod, a butcher of this city, had a desperate encounter with his young wife at their home during which he tried to decapitate her with a razor and was only prevented from killing her by the interference of neighbors attracted by her cries. The woman, desperately wounded, was taken to St. Joseph's hospital and the husband gave himself up. He tells the old story of a faithless wife and a ruined home.

Bank Wanted at Greenup, Ills.

GREENUP, May 31.—The defunct Denman & James bank, which closed its doors Nov. 28, 1893, because of the sudden disappearance of the cashier, W. H. James, has paid its creditors and depositors dollar for dollar in notes and cash. After an absence of six months, owing to the embarrassment of the banking firm, W. H. James is again a resident of this city. Greenup is now without a bank and the people are very anxious to secure one.

Ate Soap and Died.

CHESTER, Ills., June 4.—A peculiar case of suicide is given out by the authorities of the prison here in the death of James Murray, a convict sentenced from Marion county for larceny. Murray resorted to all kinds of methods to avoid working. The other day he secured a large bar of lye soap. This he ate and was at once taken with spasms. He died a horrible death.

Cremated in a Burning Barn.

NEWMAN, Ills., May 31.—It has just come to light that some human being was cremated in the barn on Angus McIntire's farm, five miles north of this place. Human bones were found in the debris and brought to the doctors here and are supposed to be those of a tramp who was seen loitering around prior to the conflagration.

Crawford to Run for Congress.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., June 2.—James A. Crawford, president of the Illinois Miners union, has been nominated for congress from this, the Seventeenth district, by the Populists and accepted the nomination. Crawford now lives in Fulton county, but will remove his residence to this city.

Another Railway Incorporated.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., June 2.—The Toledo, Charleston and St. Louis Railroad company filed articles of incorporation with the secretary of state. The road runs from Eugene, Ind., to East St. Louis, Ills.; principal office at Charleston, Ills.

Found Dead in a Well.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., June 4.—Annie Fox, a Riverton school teacher, was found dead in a well at her father's residence. It is supposed she fell in during the night while attempting to draw a bucket of water.

Failure at Jacksonville.

JACKSONVILLE, Ills., June 4.—Business circles here were shocked by the assignment of D. W. Rawlings & Son, clothing and gentlemen's furnishing goods. The proprietors are old residents.

New State Bank Authorized.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., June 2.—The state auditor has licensed the State Bank of Cerro Gordo, at Cerro Gordo, Piatt county, capital stock, $25,000; John N. Dighton, president.

Died of His Wounds.

CHICAGO, June 4.—Detective George Newcomb of the Western Indiana railroad, who was shot by a confidence man last week on an in-coming passenger train on the Grand Trunk railroad, died at Mercy hospital. The bullet which caused his death had entered his abdomen. The physicians at no time made an effort to remove it, his condition was so critical.

Miners Return to Work.

ST. LOUIS, June 4.—Word comes from Hillsboro, Ills., that a large proportion of the coal miners there returned to work and that everything was peaceable.

CONDENSED NEWS.

History of the Week Given in Brief Paragraphs.

Belva Lockwood is 63 years old. She began teaching school at the age of 14 and was married four years later.

Decisions at Duluth by Judge Nelson awarded to Frederick Weyerhauser and the Mississippi River Logging company pine land valued at $1,000,000.

Edward Massey, in the penitentiary at Columbus, O., cut Elijah Lynch's throat. Death is extremely probably.

J. H. Brineger, while asleep on a trestle near Mitchell, Ind., was run over by a train and had his leg broken.

The earl of Dunraven's yacht Valkyrie, from New York, safely anchored in the Clyde after a rather stormy voyage.

Edward McChantain was instantly killed while jumping from a moving train at Huntington, Ind.

A severe shock of earthquake was felt in the town of Lagonegro, in the province of Potenza, Italy.

* * *

Congressman Jerry Simpson is improving rapidly, and is soon to leave Washington for Berkeley Springs, Va.

Frank C. McDill, a restaurant keeper at Port Townsend, Wash., has fallen heir to a fortune of $50,000 at Chattanooga, Tenn.

Elder Enoch Erby of Booth, Kan., was elected moderator of the Dunkards' convention, which assembled at Meyradale, Pa.

O. W. Potter, who is ill at Lake Geneva, Wis., is daily growing stronger.

Ten thousand persons attended the Confederate reunion at the Fort Donaldson battlefield. The object is to raise funds with which to erect a marble shaft over the graves of Confederates buried on the field.

D. S. Clayman, who murdered Mr. Minzer at Fontanelle, Ia., was sentenced to sixteen years in the penitentiary.

The third annual exhibition of the Philadelphia Horse Show association opened at Philadelphia.

* * *

Ex-Premier Gladstone continues in very good health and his eye is improving steadily. No further daily bulletins will be issued by his physicians.

Only thirty miners are at work at Rouse, Col., and 2,000 strikers threaten to march to Sopris and take out the men there.

Mrs. Sarah Luttrell died at Rushville, Ills., aged 103.

P. T. Bryan of Tennessee was re-elected president of the Southern Interstate Immigration association at Augusta, Ga.

The Republican convention for the Fourteenth Illinois congressional district has been called at Peoria on July 17.

Ore trimmers at Ashland have agreed to a 2½-cent rate, a reduction of ½ cent.

Twenty thousand persons witnessed the laying of the corner-stone of the new $200,000 city hall at Bay City, Mich.

* * *

James Whitcomb Riley is reported as saying that the more money he makes the more he wants to write poetry.

An unknown person in Cincinnati has sent the Wayne county, Ia., conscience fund $100.

John Setzer, a farmer of Marshall, Ills., was killed in a runaway at Terre Haute, Ind.

A man named Dodge, said to be from Chicago, has come down with the small pox at the Banquet House at Rutland, Vt. The hotel has been quarantined.

The earnings of the Wabash road for the month of April show a decrease in the net earnings of $2,360. From July 1 to April 30 the decrease in the net earnings has been $490,970.

Senator John Sherman has scrap books covering the history of the United States for the past thirty-five years. He has been keeping his letters since he was 15, and everything of value has been saved.

Robert Seidel of Paterson, N. J., the saloon keeper at whose place dynamite is said to have been made, has been arrested.

* * *

The body of Ferdinand Loucks, bearing evidence of murder, was found near Adrian, Mich. His gold watch and $460 were missing.

Mr. Gladstone's eye has so far improved that the bandages have been removed. He is now wearing dark glasses.

Congressman Jerry Simpson has arrived at Berkeley Springs, W. Va. His complete recovery is considered doubtful.

Henry Wilson, colored, of Sedalia, Mo., aged 22 years, was struck on the head with a baseball bat and fatally injured by Emmett Hardin, a white boy, aged 16 years.

Mr. Keiser, head clerk of Hawes' hotel at Osceola, Ia., died suddenly of heart disease. He was a Knight Templar and that order has taken charge of the remains.

Colonel Hamilton held an investigation into the St. Thomas, Ont., flag affair. He says he intends to probe the matter to the bottom.

The Rochester Driving Park association has opened a $5,000 purse for pacers eligible to the 2:11 class.

Morgan White was executed at Columbia, S. C., for murder.

The price of gas at Springfield, Ills., has been reduced from $1.50 to $1 per 1,000 feet.

* * *

In a quarrel in a saloon at Peoria, Ills., George McDonald shot and fatally wounded Joseph Spotwood. Both are colored.

Governor Altgeld has appointed ex-Mayor John McCreery of Springfield one of the trustees of the Central hospital for the insane at Jacksonville.

A Perfect Cure

Mr. Joel H. Austin is a man very highly esteemed by all who know him. He is now pension attorney at Goshen, Ind., and was for 20 years a Baptist missionary minister. He says: "I suffered years with swelling of my limbs, at times very painful, especially at night. I could not sleep. I have taken six bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and for weeks there has not been any swelling of my feet and limbs. I have also suffered for years with catarrh in the head, which was working down into my lungs. Since trying Hood's Sarsaparilla the pain in my head has stopped and I am positive of a perfect cure." Get Hood's.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and effectively, on the liver and bowels. 25c.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER VII.

CROHOOR-BEG — SAMUEL WATKINS TO HENRY VIGORS.

You will no doubt have already read the official report in which I have informed the authorities of the disappearance of Rev. Mr. Freeman's second son under circumstances somewhat similar to those which attended the disappearance of the eldest, Mr. John Freeman. This extraordinary event has caused a degree of consternation and alarm over the whole countryside which it would be impossible to describe. On the morning of Friday last about 10 o'clock Edward Freeman, whose exertions for the discovery of his brother's place of concealment, voluntary or enforced, have been so indefatigable, was seen walking in the direction of Dhu-Corrig and no doubt on his way to that fatal and ill emened rock. Two children coming along the main road saw him turn aside and step briskly down the little lane or boreen leading to Dhu-Corrig. He had a fishing rod on his shoulder and a box of bait in his hand. He has not been seen since. The mystery is infinitely more than doubled by this second disappearance, for with it our hypothesis regarding the first—viz, that Melody murdered him—vanishes too. I declare I begin to think there is something supernatural and uncanny in the whole of this Freeman affair. All other theories having failed, I can assure you, though I may earn nothing but your contempt by the avowal, that I find my thoughts straying perpetually in the direction of supernaturalism as that which may supply us with the key to this astounding mystery. A singular superstition of old standing, but which was believed to have died out, has been revived among the people to account for the disappearance of the brothers. It is said that the coast is haunted by what the English speaking fishermen call "a worm," and the Irish speaking a piast. Even before the disappearance of Edward Freeman I overheard talk of this piast in connection with John Freeman's disappearance, but when I laughingly desired more definite information on the subject I was refused. As you are aware, when I was first stationed in this district I determined, for professional reasons, to learn the language in which the people express their most intimate thoughts—that is to say, the old Gaelic tongue. It has been very useful to me. I have always found that the people are much more communicative and confiding with a person who can speak to them in this ancient language. Concerning the piast, however, on the occasion referred to, I found the men whom I had overheard speaking sullenly and obstinately uncommunicative. I am certain, however, that the notion of a supernatural and man devouring monster now haunting these shores is universal among the island and coast population. Since John Freeman was lost not a man has been seen fishing upon any of the rocks along the coast, and since Edward disappeared in the same equally amazing manner no fishing boat has ever remained out after dark from our little basin. For myself I must say that, although of course I do not believe in any such nonsense, yet for some days I have found my imagination most disagreeably haunted by the thought of this reptile prowling round the shore and seeking whom he may devour. I have dreamed of the brute and that he had plucked me, too, not from off a rock, but out of my flower garden as I was watering my flowers. The beast seemed to be a monstrous serpent with wings and a hairy mane. He reared himself out of the sea, and looking all around with his basilisk eyes suddenly swooped down upon me and seized me. I screamed so loud that the whole household came running to my room. You can imagine what a fool I seemed to myself and others.

On Friday in the afternoon, I say, the second young Freeman was lost. Of what we have done and attempted in the meantime you will find enough in the official report. The following is for your private eye, for I know you take an interest in these queer superstitions which still linger among the peasantry and fisher people, and which are, I suppose, a remnant of paganism:

On Sunday afternoon I saw a four oared boat endeavoring to gain the long island where you and I made such a bag of rabbits last summer and which the people call Lau-woper. Curious to see whether the rowers could accomplish their purpose against the head wind which blew strongly from the west, I kept watching them. The boat had started early that morning from the little fishing village of Coos-beg, which lies to the east of our own village, Dun-Beacon, and some 10 miles distant from my place. Suddenly the boat's head was turned toward land, a sail hoisted, and the boat came driving straight toward my own private little harbor, Coos-an-dorcha, which of course you remember. She seemed to me as if fleeing from the pursuit of an enemy, so furiously she came plunging along, with the water leaping and boiling at her bows. I went down to the strand to meet the crew. When they were landed and had drawn up their boat, I had the men step up to my house and have some refreshments before going to the village. They intended to sleep there that night and go on next morning to Lau-wohr should the wind come down or change its direction. They were in all six Lau-wohr men, very wild and rough in appearance, but, like all the remote islanders along this coast, by no means so wild as they looked. Indeed these islanders are almost invariably a simple minded, peaceable and hospitable and kindly people, decidedly better than the shore folk, who are somewhat contaminated, as you might say, by civilization.

I gave them a comforting draft of undiluted whisky as they sat and dried themselves around a big fire in my kitchen, and afterward regaled them with plenty of homemade cake and butter and big bowls of steaming hot tea. They were much exhausted from rowing, and the poor fellows looked so happy and pleased as they ate and drank that it was a delight only to see the look of satisfaction in their simple countenances. Then at my suggestion they took out their pipes and smoked, I, too, smoking with them, and asking many questions in Gaelic. They were at first very friendly and communicative. I spoke of the disappearance of Mr. Freeman's sons, of the resultlessness of all our searchings, and observed with as serious and awestruck a face and manner as I could assume that they might have been snatched from Dhu-

I now led Crohoor into my office.

Corrig by "a worm." A sudden silence thereupon fell on the Lau-wohr men. One of them made some answer which I forget, but the subject was not pursued. I felt at once that the Lau-wohr men knew a great deal more about the piast than they thought good to communicate to me, who, though I could speak their tongue, was yet a gentleman, a Sassenagh, and, in short, not one of themselves. As you are aware, those people consider it unlucky to talk more than is necessary about the supernatural things and personages in whom they believe and will never speak about them with those who are not quite in accord and sympathy with themselves upon such subjects. The peasantry who are communicative on such subjects will be found almost invariably to be persons who have to some extent become emancipated from these forms of superstition.

When the men rose to leave for the village, which, with a certain instinctive politeness that I have often noticed in the islanders, they offered to do not too soon and also not too long after they had partaken of my hospitality, I had the oldest of them, a gigantic old fisherman called Crohoor-beg, stay with me for the night, for that I could spare him a bed. He consented and remained when the rest took their leave. He was called Crohoor-beg, or Crohoor the Little, no doubt ironically on account of his great size. I had noticed that when I alluded to the piast Crohoor's face became unusually rigid and impassive and that he closed his mouth as if resolved not to speak again that evening.

I now led Crohoor into my office, stirred up the fire, made a good blaze, and after some allusion to the hardship which he had endured that day brewed for him a stiff tumbler of punch. Though in my own private room and surrounded by books, pictures and many strange things savoring of "quality life," Crohoor's behavior was almost gentlemanlike; at least it was characterized by ease, simplicity and dignity. Later on I spoke again of the disappearance of Mr. Freeman's sons, of the great affliction of the family, and of the exertions of myself and my men to solve the mystery. Eventually Crohoor-beg broke through his resolve and before he lay down that night told me all he knew or believed about the piast.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PIAST.

Crohoor-beg commenced by informing me somewhat in the manner of a professional story teller or historian about to deliver a lecture that Ireland was at one time filled with monstrous reptiles, ugly and horrible, which preyed upon the people. So much I knew and also that St. Patrick had banished them, all but a few which lingered on after his time in remote mountain lakes, but Crohoor said that though this might be true of other parts of the country it was not St. Patrick who had banished the great piast of this region, but a man called Cuhoolin. The name of the piast he said was Eooree, and that after a terrible battle Cuhoolin had conquered her, driven her into the sea, and put her under spells to remain there till the day of judgment, when, according to Crohoor, she will be cast forever into hell and the door shut; also Cuhoolin put spells upon her that she should not have power to eat men only once and again and between times. Crohoor went on to inform me that when his father was a little boy some men had been lost while fishing off this coast, and it was believed they had been eaten by the piast. A panic took possession of the whole country, so that fishing ceased. There was at the time in this country a very good and holy priest who had unusual influence over the minds of the people. He held a sea service and celebrated mass upon the water in the midst of a great flotilla of boats for the banishment of the monster. After that he forbade the people even to speak of the piast, not even to mention her as a thing of the past, an old time plague upon this coast, and such was his influence, according to Crohoor, that for two generations only the vaguest ideas circulated among the people concerning the reptile. Since the taking away of Mr. John Freeman from Dhu-Corrig "the old people had been talking," and "way shouldn't they," he added, "when 'tis plain that the piast is alive and strong and at her old bloody work again?"

"What is the appearance of the piast," I asked, "and where does she live?"

"I'll tell you about that, sir," he said. He proceeded then to relate the following story, with regard to which I may add that I am very conscious that my English does not adequately express the power and picturesqueness of Crohoor's Gaelic:

"These things happened before my father's time and before my grandfather's, but they are as true as that you are sitting in that chair. Two men and a gossoon went in a boat from Lau-beg, which lies a little westward from Lau-wohr—but your honor knows the island—to buy flour in Dun-Beacon, for little is the grain grown there in Lau-beg by reason of the stony floor of the island. The wind was from the south'ard, so they hoisted sail, and it wasn't long before they made the basin and grounded their boat there. When they bought the flour and put the bags in the boat, it was the judgment of one of the men that they should run down the boat, hoist sail and return to Lau-beg immediately, so that the daylight might be with them in their returning.

"'None of your nonsense,' says the other. 'It isn't once in six months I come to the city, and I won't leave it till I warm myself well with water of life.'

"'Water of death,' says the other. 'Tis unlucky to be passing the square hole after dark any time and in especial on this night.'

"The night, your honor, was All Hallow's eve, and 'tis a night when all the d——d things in the world from the devil down have great power, be the reason what it may.

"'The piast be d——d!' says the other. 'I hold by no such foolishness.'

"The man who said this word was called Teigue Rue. He had red hair and was the biggest and strongest man in the little island and a terror to the peaceably inclined. By the same token, too, he had gone away to be a sailor when he was a slip, and he went to many outlandish parts before he came home and settled himself down with his kin for good and all in Lau-beg. And though he used to pretend to laugh at the old stories of the people he himself had a custom of talking of cave sea devil or piast that he called Davy and sometimes Davy with another name that the old people did not remember. And so now all that his comrade could say was no use, but back he would go to the public house, taking his comrade with him, who was a weak man, and then they ward diverting themselves to the going down of the sun. The comrade's name was Shaun. He was an O'Flaherty by nation. Well, Teigue Rue, though he laughed at the notion of the piast, had too much sense to get drunk and be about to go out on the salt water in a sailboat, or to allow Shaun O'Flaherty to get drunk either, though the people there said afterward that Shaun, in spite of his desire for an early return, was then all for more drink and another song.

"They pushed down the boat after that and stepped the mast and hoisted the sail, with the night upon them, and the moon rising, three-quarter, over the Ballyhowrahan hills there in the east. Teigue Rue took the bailing can and dipped it in the tide and poured the salt water on his head to cool himself after the liquor and make his intellects more steady and considerate, and he made Shaun do the same. The gossoon also was warm and pleasant in himself; he was with them all through. The stars came out, but though the night was bright and firm the wind blew strong still from the south'ard.

"Well, sir, the boat was just opposite your own coos—called Coos-an-dorcha by reason of the high black rocks around it and the shadow that is there always—when the wind scanted of a sudden in an unreasonable manner and the sail began to flap.

"'It would be better to go back,' says Shaun.

"'It would be better to do no such thing,' says Teigue Rue. 'Handle your oar, man, and let the gossoon take the helm, and we won't be long in making Lau-beg, for the sea is like a goose pond. The tide is against us here, but it won't be against us a mile farther on, and we can get home from that without inconvenience.'

"Well, they rowed on in that manner till they came opposite the square hole in the big, straight cleft."

"What hole is that?" said I—Samuel Watkins, at your service.

"I'm surprised your honor hasn't noticed it," replied Crohoor, "but indeed unless it was pointed out to him a person might not see it.

"Your honor knows the big, smooth, straight cliff between your coos and Dhu-Corrig?"

"Certainly," I said. "But I'm a little shortsighted and never noticed that hole."

"Well, sir, up high in that cliff there is a square hole and big enough, too, though it looks small from the water. They were nearing this place when Shaun O'Flaherty stopped rowing and crossed himself and said:

"'Teigue Rue, I'm greatly afeard.'

"'Afeard of what?' says Teigue Rue.

"'Of the piasta-wohr,' he says. 'Sure, this is her favorite locality between Dhu-Corrig and the Coos-an-dorcha—that is to say, the Black rock and the Coos of Darkness—and sure they say that it is through Cooree's window she comes out and goes in again through the same and has her nest there.'

"Then Teigue Rue spoke words about the piast, and though I well remember them I won't say them in your honor's presence, and he fell to beating Shaun O'Flaherty to make him quit his nonsense and be rowing the same as formerly. Then the gossoon screamed with an awful and terrible cry that was heard by all the people of the valley that runs up back from Dhu-Corrig, and the men stopped their fighting and looked where the boy was looking, and that was up at the big gray cliff.

"Then, God and all his holy saints preserve us, they saw something that was enough to kill them all at once with the fright! From Cooree's window the piast was coming out, and first she raised her head up along the cliff side, stretching herself like a serpent or a huge black eel, and the head continued going up till it passed beyond the cliff top so that they could see the head of the piast against the sky and the stars, and her body all the time working slowly out of the cave. She was maned like a horse and had ears like a horse, and her eyes were like two red fires in her head. In that manner she raised her head up among the stars, and then making an arch with her neck turned her eyes downward, and at first she did not see them, but stretched her head along the cliff shore to Dhu-Corrig and then backward along the coast as far as Coos-an-dorcha and into the coos, winding her head and neck round the rock at the mouth of the coos. After that she raises her head again, but not so high as before, and in the bright water she sees the black boat, and without hurry comes down upon it, the two men sitting there without a word, as silent and as steady as stones, with faces like white paper. Then with her long tongue she reaps them into her mouth, they still without a word or a noise, and chews them very deliberately. The crackling of their bones in the mouth of the piast, that boy used to say afterward, was like the crackling of brush in a fire, and the shower of blood that fell from her jaws along the hairs of her mouth, every hair as long as an oar, was like the sound of hail upon water. And after that she raised up her head to swallow them more conveniently after the manner of birds when they drink."

"Then the boy escaped," I said.

"Yes, sir; the boy escaped. When she raised her head in that manner, God gave him courage so that he slipped over the gunwale of the boat upon the seaward side and sheltered himself so. It was not long before the piast came down again. The boy did not see her on account of the place where he was, but he heard her breathing and smelt the breath of her like seaweed, only very strong, and indeed it is astonishing how he contrived to keep himself afloat, considering the great fear that was upon him. She returned to the boat twice after that, for no doubt she smelt him, and he knew her coming on each occasion by reason of the breathing and of the very strong smell. In the end he heard a loud noise, and he said to himself that it was the noise of the binder part; the piast falling into the water, and that now he would be safer in the boat than in the sea. Accordingly, though with very great difficulty, owing to the fear that was upon him, he climbed over the gunwale and gathered the sail around him and lay down in the bottom of the boat.

"The boat was picked up next morning by the Coos-beg men, for she was carried eastward by the tide, and when they unrolled the sail the boy was an idiot, and he continued in that state, and languishing besides, till the eve of St. John's day in the next year, when he died, saving only that for nine days before his death his understanding returned to him, and he told the story many times to different people."

"Is it your opinion, then," I said, "that the piast has taken the two young gentlemen, my neighbors?"

"God alone," said Crohoor, "knows that, with whom is the knowledge of all things. But if it be so and the piast has them, Almighty God and his only Son be our defense, for the power of man and the mind of man furnish no protection against the like of her."

"But, Crohoor, you said a short time ago that a man beat that reptile in battle and banished her into the rocks and the sea."

"So I said, sir, but it is thought that the man who did it was more than a man, and that though he lived before the coming of St. Patrick, yet the power of the Almighty was in him."

Such, my friend, is the explanation of the disappearances offered by Crohoor-beg. O'Brien "by nation," who stands 6 feet 3¼ in his stockings and is of a size and bulk corresponding, a poor fisherman and cottier of the island called Lau-wohr, who can't speak English and never read a line in any printed book, but who, I verily believe, is not only a nobler and better but a wiser man, too, than most of the professional men with whom I am acquainted. And though his theory, being grounded on an incredible superstition, is to be rejected, it is not at all more irrational than several which I have heard soberly advanced by educated persons.

SAMUEL WATKINS.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Whenever there is friction, there is heat. Hammering a nail rod until it is redhot or forging a nail without fire are feats of the blacksmith.

The newspaper laborers in the house press gallery now sit on nice revolving piano stools. They are very popular.

Nebraska settlers may be dispossessed of 25,000 acres of land by a ruling of the O'Neill land officials.

TERROR TO BANDITS.

INCIDENTS IN THE CAREER OF CAPTAIN JONATHAN FITZWATERS.

He Murdered a Man In Pennsylvania and Fled to Mexico, Where He Became a Stage Driver—Achieved Fame as a Slayer of Bandits.

Captain John Ferris, the veteran stage driver, who hauled passengers and mail on the overland route in the early fifties, was in another reminiscent mood the other day and related some of the interesting incidents connected with the life of Captain Jonathan Fitzwaters, who was a noted character in New Mexico and Arizona in the early days. After leaving the overland route Captain Ferris drove the stage between Santa Fe and Albuquerque and El Paso and was intimately associated with Captain Fitzwaters for several years.

"Although Captain Fitzwaters was one of the roughest and bravest men on the frontier," said Captain Ferris, "he was brought up in refinement and had an education as good as a college professor. He came of one of the best families in the state of Pennsylvania, but after reaching manhood became reckless, and in the year 1840 he murdered a man. He left the States before the officers could capture him and made his way to old Mexico, where he fell in with a tough lot of men. He soon acquired a reputation in the City of Mexico as a man of nerve. His bravery and fine bearing attracted the attention of government officials, and he was appointed to drive the stage between the City of Mexico and Vera Cruz. That route was at that time one of the most dangerous in all of Mexico. In fact, there were but very few safe sections in Mexico in those days. Every mountain pass was infested with bandits, who did not hesitate to murder and rob every wayfarer that fell into their hands.

"On the first trip which Captain Fitzwaters made to Vera Cruz his stage was held up by a band of brigands. The outlaws met with a warm reception from the captain, who succeeded after a desperate battle in driving them off, killing three of the bandits. On the succeeding trip another band of the banditti attacked the stage and were again unsuccessful in committing a robbery. Captain Fitzwaters killed five members of the desperate gang, and as there had been some doubt expressed among the government officials as to the truth of his story of the killing of three bandits on his former trip he decided to take along evidence of his bloody work, so that his story could not be disputed. He thereupon proceeded to cut the ears off of each of the bandits whom he had killed, and he took the horrible trophies with him to Vera Cruz and thence back to the City of Mexico.

"This daring deed made the captain famous throughout that part of Mexico. He was the lion of the hour, and the stage company who operated the line for the government had built expressly for him an elegant stage and provided him with eight horses, which were driven to the stage four abreast. The fame of the captain was quick to reach the mountains, and in a very short time the bands of brigands throughout that section knew the name and quality of the man with whom they had to deal, and they made their arrangements to get rid of him accordingly.

"Soon after being provided with his new stage Captain Fitzwaters started on one of his long trips to Vera Cruz. The journey was without unusual incident until the mountains in the state of Puebla were reached, when he was ambushed by a party of brigands and shot off the coach. The outlaws thought they had completed their bloody work by shooting out the captain's right eye, breaking his left arm and shooting him again through the leg. They then robbed the coach and left, supposing that their enemy was completely done for. In this the bandits were mistaken. Captain Fitzwaters had a faithful friend named Pedro Salazar, who was riding in the coach and was not injured. He picked up the apparently lifeless body of the captain and removed it to a place of safety.

"The wounded man was given every care and attention, and, strange to say, he eventually recovered, although he was badly disfigured. He remained in Mexico until the close of the Mexican war. When General Scott landed at Vera Cruz, almost the first man he met was Captain Fitzwaters, who tendered the United States army his services as guide. He accompanied the army on its march into the interior and gave General Scott much valuable information as to the topography of the country and the class of people to be met at the different points along the line of march. He remained with the general until the close of the war, and then, in recognition of his valuable services, he was pardoned or promised immunity from any punishment for the murder he had committed in Pennsylvania in case he returned to the United States. This was done upon the recommendation of General Scott. He was appointed by the United States government to the position of wagon and forage master at Albuquerque, N. M. He occupied that position a few years and became noted on the frontier for his bravery. He finally took sick and died after a few days' illness. The government employees and the many friends of the captain at Albuquerque turned out in force and gave his body a decent burial, the grave being located on the slope about two miles from the town."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Pulverizing.

Teacher—Pulverized sugar is so called because it is powdered. Do you understand?

Little Girl—Yes'm.

Teacher—Now construct a sentence with the word "pulverize" in it.

Little Girl—You pulverize your face.—Good News.

A SAD STATE OF SOCIETY.

Count Tolstoi Thinks That Things Are Better In America Than Elsewhere.

In the London Standard is given an admirable account of an interesting interview which a Russian journalist has had with Count Leo Tolstoi.

The journalist had beforehand apprised the count of his intention and stated that the theme of conversation he wished to start would be "the vicious tendency of society," or briefly, "inbred sin," and the count consented to give his ideas on the subject as follows: "Suppose for a moment," said he, "that six tigers had been brought in a solid iron cage to some menagerie in the government of Tula. Go on to suppose that the beasts had broken loose and spread over the plains and forests, attacking the inhabitants. Naturally, if these six tigers were killed or caught and shut up again in their cages, the mischief would be at an end. Some people seem to think that the case of vicious men is similar, in which they are altogether mistaken. Vitiated human beings are not tigers in Tula, but wolves—wolves which regularly breed there and have done so for generations, and which it is absolutely impossible to exterminate."

"You propose, then, count"——

"I declare that if I find that in my own house fleas are breeding it would be strange for me to try and catch these insects one by one. A much simpler way is to clean out all the dust and dirt from the house, and the fleas will disappear of themselves."

"And what have you to say, count, of the rapid development of 'the vicious tendency' which is to be observed now even in the most cultivated society?"

"It is due to the absence of good sense and of love. I consider the cultured society of today, as you call it, as something abnormal. Common sense has lost its footing there, and, as for love, it is conspicuous by its absence. It is very sad. 'Inbred sin' (zlaya volia) leads to grewsome consequences, especially because it is never possible to define the form in which it is likely to manifest itself or the victims predestined for it. If a dying horse in the street lashes out in spasms, any passerby may fall under his hoof."

"You say a 'dying horse?'"

"A 'dying' or raging or bolting, it is all the same. I mean an 'abnormal' animal, just in the same condition as an abnormal man—of vicious tendency."

"And which nation do you consider the most abnormal at the present time—Americans, French, English, Germans?"

"At any rate, not Americans! To their credit must be put an immense national self love which cannot exist in an abnormal people. I one day wrote an article on America and the Americans, in which I did not particularly overload the latter with flattery. Nevertheless I sent the MSS. over the ocean, thinking it would be accepted by any paper as eagerly as my other productions. Not a bit of it. The translator took it to 14 different editors without it getting accepted and finally it had to be sent to England."

"If not America, count, then?"

"Why, France! Can anybody consider France as normal where such things as 'Panama' occur, where men occupying high positions in society are ready to commit any crime for gold? Is that a normal state? A thousand times no!"

Modes of Divination.

If a Scottish maiden desired to summon the image of her future husband, she read the third verse, seventeenth chapter, of the book of Job after supper, washed the supper dishes and retired to bed without uttering a single word, placing underneath her pillow the Bible, with a pin thrust through the verse she had read. On All Hallow eve various modes of divination were in vogue. Pennant says that the young women determined the figure and size of their husbands by drawing cabbages blindfold, a custom which lingers still in some parts of Scotland. They also threw nuts into the fire, a practice prevailing also in England, as Gay has described:

Two hazel nuts I threw into the flame,
And to each nut I gave a sweetheart's name.
This with the loudest bounce me sore amazed,
That in a flame of brightest color blazed.
As blazed the nut, so may thy passion grow.

Or they took a candle and went alone to a looking glass, eating an apple and combing their hair before it, whereupon the face of the future spouse would be seen in the glass peeping over the foolish girl's shoulder.—All the Year Round.

Dwarfing Bamboo Trees.

The dwarfing of bamboo trees is an important branch of the Japanese nursery business. A few weeks after the shoots begin to grow, and when the trunks measure about 8 inches in circumference and 5 feet in height the bark is removed, piece by piece, from the joint. After five weeks, when the plants get somewhat stout, the stem is bent and tied in.

After three months, when the side shoots grow strong enough, they are all cut off five or six inches from the main trunk, they are then dug up and potted in sand. Care should be taken not to use any fertilizer, but plenty of water should be given. Cut off the large shoots every year in May or June, and after three years the twigs and leaves will present admirable yellow and green tints.—Garden and Forest.

One View of the Transaction.

"Did you hear Banx say that he bought that property for a song?"

"Yes."

"Ever hear him warble?"

"Occasionally."

"Then you must realize that that purchase was about the worst case of intimidation on record."—American Industries.

Education.

Education has silently become the one thing which all men who differ ever so much in creed, culture, sect and race now practically agree to believe in.—President G. Stanley Hall in Forum.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY.

CHIEF EDITOR.

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CHICAGO, JUNE 9, 1894.

AMUSEMENTS

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

BOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—"Charley's Aunt."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—Charles Frohman's Stock Company.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"The Tar and Tartar."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—American Extravaganza Co.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets—Libby Prison.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

TYNAN'S "REVELATIONS."

THE CITIZEN is at a loss to understand Mr. P. J. Tynan, self-styled "No. 1" of the Dublin Invincibles, who, after all, did not prove themselves invincible when the hour of trial came. On the contrary, their avowed leader, Carey, became the most degraded informer, perhaps, in Irish history. Others of them showed signs of womanish weakness, and the bravest among them were either hanged by the neck until dead, or else sent to eat their own hearts in the gloom of Anglo-Irish penitentiaries. There is nothing whatever either attractive or glorious in the story of the Dublin Invincibles. Those who died on the scaffold deported themselves like brave men, and that is all that can be said in their praise, for—

"True courage hath a beauty
That not even crime can scathe."

But why should Mr. Tynan, who has survived so many of his comrades, come out at this late day in support of the London *Times'* charges against Parnell, and in reinforcement, as it were, of the putrid testimony of Pigott and LeCaron? No sensible Irishman believes that Parnell, even were he murderously inclined, which he was not, would ally himself with men of such small calibre as those who composed the Dublin "Invincibles." No man of ordinary discretion, not to speak of an astute and accomplished statesman, would commit his life and liberty to the keeping of a band of men, the groundwork of whose policy was assassination. Nobody, outside the English Tories, or the Whig Unionists, can be made to believe that Charles Stewart Parnell had any cognizance of the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish, who came to Ireland as a friendly negotiator, and, in Parnell's own words, "under a flag of truce." Neither can any reasonable person be got to believe that any other member of the Irish Parliamentary party had knowledge of the useless and stupid butchery of that unfortunate man. Apart from considerations of common humanity, those men were too well aware of the law of conspiracy, and the utter rottenness of most men associated for purposes of murder, to place themselves in a position of the very deadliest peril. Such an assumption is monstrous.

There is less doubt about what the feeling was against Buckshot Forster, and Under Secretary Burke, but, in general, educated men, with a good knowledge of the world, are not foolish enough to put the rope deliberately about their own necks. Conspiracies to do murder are *always* betrayed by some of the participants. Assassination is an un-Irish crime. We know that the English practiced it against the Irish in Elizabeth's day, and in the times of Cromwell. In 1798, Irishmen and women were murdered wholesale, both before and during and after the Civil War, generally misnamed the Rebellion; some murders were also committed by the alleged rebels—not the fighting men, however—during the same period, and bad landlords have been frequently shot in many celebrated Irish counties, but rarely, if ever, wantonly or without savage provocation. Nevertheless, we repeat, assassination is an un-Irish crime. Doubtless both Forster and Burke deserved to be killed—yet Ireland benefitted nothing by the slaughter of the latter, and suffered both in power and prestige by the killing of Cavendish. As an abstract principle, every English governor of Ireland, every English soldier occupying that country, every man, whether British or Irish, forcefully employed by the English government in Ireland, merits death or wounds, but it should be done in fair fight, if opportunity presented itself. Killing an English official here and there, unless in a moment of passionate resentment at some unbearable outrage, can do no good, but the contrary. We have no tears to shed for any English satraps that may get killed in Ireland, but we don't want it done treacherously or ignominiously. The Irish are brave, but, unless driven to madness by visible oppression, are rarely bloodthirsty. They are, naturally, a kind-hearted people—very like the French, who are terrible in moments of excitement but merciful when the occasion of excitation passes away.

The extracts from Tynan's book, published in the newspapers, read like a chapter from the history of the murder societies of Continental Europe. They do not fascinate, but repel. Most people cannot help believing—the prima facie evidence justifies the belief—that Tynan's revelations are intended to help the Tories in the coming election. It makes little difference to Ireland whether they help them or not. The spots of the British leopard are patent on the tough hide of the Tory and are but poorly concealed by the thin veneer of the Whig. Both are the deadly enemies of Irish liberty, and the Irish people would be fools to trust either. The independence of Ireland cannot be achieved by a policy of assassination. Liberty achieved by such a method would be blood poisoned at its birth. Neither can Irish independence be achieved by agitation. The latter is a certain method of national demoralization. How, then, is it to be achieved? By organization, patience, wisdom, and powerful foreign alliances—alliances with the enemies of England, such as the American colonies made. If the Irish people everywhere organize thoroughly and keep the object of making Ireland a free nation steadily in view, they cannot, in the end, fail to succeed. England, at the first shot fired in anger against her by any formidable power, will grant Ireland anything she demands short of total separation. Whether the Irish people will insist on the latter condition will depend entirely on their capacity to maintain such a position, and also upon the situation in which England may be placed if her empire at last should fall. As a matter of personal opinion, as well as a lifelong principle, THE CITIZEN believes in the wisdom of total separation. It would be a better state of things for both Great Britain and Ireland. The next, and only, honorable alternative, is a sovereign parliament, and an executive entirely chosen by and responsible to the Irish nation.

A DUBLINER LIBELS CHICAGO.

It would pay Mr. Timothy Harrington, M.P., to suppress the person who writes "North and South" in *United Ireland*. He seems to have a special spite against Chicago. In reviewing some volumes recently published by Mr. J. J. Piatt, late American consul to Dublin and the Cove of Cork, this writer, "J. McG.," says:

"The difference between 'An Enchanted Castle' and its two new companions is very suggestive. In the former we witnessed how the softness of Irish scenery and the pathos of Irish life and history had tinged the mind and touched the heart of a cultivated and sympathetic American woman; in the latter we see the best type of American man—American to the core, notwithstanding all his years of exile; American in the best sense, and first, last, and always. This is the real charm of these two books—their Americanism. But it is not Chicago Americanism; it is not Americanism with a plug of tobacco in its mouth, slang on its tongue, a slouch hat on its head, and irreverence in its heart. A good deal of the literature we get nowadays from the United States is, to tell the truth, gaudy, flagrant, and loud-voiced; but here is the quiet of fields and orchards, and hedge-bound roads, and rivers moving slowly down rural vales, and country farmhouses, and simple country people. Mr. Piatt reminds us of a fact we in Europe sometimes forget, that America is old, too, and that as Birmingham and Northampton are only one aspect of English life, Pittsburg and Buffalo are, just in the same way, only one aspect of American. There should not be anything new in the sensation, but there really is something pleasantly fresh, to feel, in Mr. Piatt's pages, that in America, too, flowers bloom, and bees hum, and nature moves, just as here, with the same quiet and easy dignity, from season to season, and that millions of men and women live and die in the peaceful country, far from towns, through long and languorous summers such as ours, and winters with just as cheerful and happy ingle-nooks."

Chicago, which was the meeting place of the great Land League convention of 1881, which furnished half a million dollars, by its subscriptions and efforts, to Parnell in the hour of Ireland's greatest difficulty; Chicago, which, many a time since then, furnished thousands of dollars to help along the home rule cause; Chicago, which has been, since 1857, the chief centre of Irish national thought and action in America, feels obliged to *United Ireland* for the kind estimate placed upon its male imbabitants by this fool writer in the paper which used to be the leading Irish weekly, when the bright mind of William O'Brien and the trenchant pen of Edmund Leamy directed its policy. THE CITIZEN is astonished at the display of ignorance and ingratitude contained in the quoted passage. It is unnecessary to say that it is libelous, and could have been written only by a person intoxicated by his own overweening conceit. The manner in which this *drole* patronizes America is truly mirth-provoking. This "dear, dirty" little Dubliner is actually forced to believe that there are flowers that bloom and bees that hum on American soil and amid American country life. The Chicago people resemble the bees in one respect, at least. They "hum" and they make their city "hum" too. If Dublin were Chicago, or Chicago were Dublin, with the million and a half of people who inhabit the former transferred to Irish soil, England would again find herself in presence of the spirit of 1775-81 which bearded her at Concord, braved her at Bunker Hill, kicked her out of Boston and placed her in military handcuffs at Saratoga and Yorktown. Chicago would not stand on ceremony with the English as the Dubliners are doing. In a month the Castle would meet the doom of the Bastile.

THE SITUATION ACROSS THE OCEAN.

The Irish cause seems to be drifting rudderless, like a disabled ship, since Parnell, "the man at the wheel," died. There is nothing more dreary than the reading of Anglo-Irish "news" now-a-days. The English Radicals, headed by Labouchere and Dilke, both men who are earnest in their work, are aggressive against the house of lords. At a meeting of the National Reform Union, Philip James Stanhope, member of parliament for Burnley, a Radical, who favors the abolition of the hereditary principle in the house of lords, presided. Henry Labouchere moved the ultimate abolition of the house of lords, and that the government should, during the present session of parliament, introduce a bill providing that when the lords reject a measure passed by the house of commons the latter shall send such bill, in its original form, for the royal assent. The resolution was adopted unanimously. Sir Charles Dilke moved that the franchise ought to be based solely upon personal fitness and not upon property or ratable value. He advocated the one-man-one-vote system, local payment of the expenses of the electors, and the State payment of members of parliament. An amendment to the effect that the franchise should not depend upon sex was lost by o vote of 24 to 21, ond the original resolution was adopted. Resolutions in favor of the State everywhere setting the example of being a model employer, urging legislation limiting the hours of labor, the extension of employers' liability, old age pensions, and local option were also adopted.

In Glasgow last week a meeting of similar import, but on a large scale, was held, and a mock procession was gotten up with two jackasses, wearing ducal coronets, at the head of it. Great cheers and laughter greeted the appearance of these aristocratic animals. Never before was there such an outrage on the sentiment of British loyalty to persons of ancient lineage. The signs of the times point conclusively, both in England and Scotland, to an early and bitter parliamentary campaign, and the abolition of the house of lords will, no doubt, be the leading plank in the British radical platform. Like all such reforms, this one may be slow in coming, but come it will, and, not unlikely, before this generation is much older.

But Ireland has little to hope from even the destruction of lordly privileges. England will always, whether under aristocratic or democratic rule, regard her with an eye of jealousy. Home rule, if granted at all, might satisfy, in some sort, Irish semi-national sentiment, but Irish industries would have little to hope for from British Radical legislation. All British Radicals are free traders, and British free trade has been more destructive to Irish life and Irish wealth than all the wars of all the centuries since the invasion of Strongbow.

THE FRENCH ARMY.

Intriguing spirits in the French legislature are never satisfied unless they are making attacks on the government, the army, the navy or anything else that may give cause for excitement. In the course of the debate in the Chamber of Deputies on the 5th inst. on the demand of M. Grousset, for an inquiry respecting a statement in the *Figaro* attributed to General de Gallifet, that the French generals were unable to handle the present unwieldy armies, General Mercier, the Minister of War, opposed the demand. Grousset based his motion upon an alleged interview with General de Gallifet, published in the *Figaro*. The deputy at first refused to mention the name of the general in spite of repeated calls of "Name him." M. Grousset said: "It is that ambitious general who would not be sorry to take part in a civil war." This referred to the part General de Gallifet took in the Commune.

General Mercier said that the general referred to as being the person interviewed by the *Figaro* had already denied the statements attributed to him in that newspaper. General Mercier said the charge was aimed at General de Gallifet, whom even the German headquarters staff had paid a striking tribute for his heroic conduct at Sedan. Grousset retorted: "General de Gallifet is the general accused," and added: "There is no proof that General de Gallifet was the leader of the famous charge at Sedan." A tremendous uproar followed this remark, and shouts of "enough" and "sit down" were heard. Premier Dupuy said that the government had nothing to say to the statement made by General Mercier, and a motion denouncing such "odious insinuations" and expressing confidence in the army and in the honor and paariotism of its chiefs was adopted by a vote of 400 to 83.

A BAYARD IN GRAY UNIFORM.

Once again, within a period of six weeks, Officer John McGarigle, of the South Park Police force, has distinguished himself heroically as a saver of human life, at the risk of his own life and to the injury of his limbs. On Thursday of last week, he stopped a runaway horse, attached to a carriage, driven by Miss Duncan, daughter of ex-Senator Duncan. The young lady's mother was in the carriage with her at the time. The animal took fright on Thirty-fifth street, near Michigan avenue, and ran madly eastward. Another Park policeman, and a regular patrolman, made efforts to stop it, but in vain. Officer McGarigle was standing near the fountain at the foot of Grand boulevard when he observed the horse, with the bit in his teeth, coming toward him at great speed. The frightened ladies in the carriage had lost all control over the vicious beast, and momentarily expected to be dashed to pieces against the hard walls of the fountain.

Officer McGarigle sprang daringly at the head of the frenzied brute, caught him around the neck and brought him on his side to the ground, falling undermost. The occupants of the carriage were saved, but the brave officer, after the animal was secured, fell unconscious from his injuries, which were mostly internal and very serious. After being attended to at a drug store, he was conveyed to his home, where he still lies in a precarious condition. Bravery such as that exhibited by Officer McGarigle demands substantial recognition. He deserves promotion, and should have it. If such men receive no reward, beyond passing mention in the newspapers, the less ardent members of the force will certainly not be encouraged to imitate their gallant example. Under Napoleon such a man as McGarigle would have been made an officer of the Legion of Honor. Such institutions of reward do not exist in America, but there are plenty of means by which a fearless public servant may receive assurance that his efforts in behalf of humanity are appreciated.

ROSSA IN IRELAND.

O'Donovan Rossa has gone to Ireland on a lecturing tour, leaving his gifted and accomplished wife, Mary J. O'Donovan Rossa, in control of the editorial columns of the *United Irishman*, during his absence. THE CITIZEN wishes Rossa the utmost success in his mission. It also wishes the *United Irishman* a prosperous season under the guidance of the faithful wife, who has so heroically shared Rossa's fortunes during his stormy career.

MR. JOHN J. BADENOCH has accepted the position of election commissioner on behalf of the Republicans. Mr. Radenoch is a man of ability and backbone. He will do his full duty without fear or favor.

IT seems to THE CITIZEN that the people of Illinois, and of Cook county in particular, would welcome a change in the personnel of office seekers. The same old names, year after year, are presented by both parties, until the people are growing tired of them. God did not permit the United States to be free in order that a couple of sets of men should hold office for the term of their natural lives.

THE grand jury excitement seems to be dying out again. Is it another case of "all cry and no wool?"

THE *Tribune* of Thursday gave an awful roasting to Gen. "Tom" Rosser, of Virginia, because of his attack on the Union veterans. The *Tribune's* General says that "Tom" did nothing but run away when Phil Sheridan got after him. Surely the "honab" of Virginia is concerned here. We should not be surprised if Uncle Joseph were to receive a cartel from Rosser one of these days. However, we warn the General that Uncle Joseph is a buzz saw when interfered with.

THE Irish cause would prosper exceedingly both at home and abroad if its leaders thought more of patriotism and less of politics.

THAT "coming events cast their shadows before" seems to be well illustrated by the unexpected election of J. N. Carter, Republican candidate for the supreme judgeship in the Fourth District of this State, centering so to speak at Quincy. The district embraces eleven counties, and Carter's majority is 4,410, in a district hitherto largely Democratic.

SCOTLAND YARD is said to be turned loose in Chicago. This is nothing particularly new.

THOMAS CALLAN, a Union veteran, died last Saturday, at Lowell, Mass., whither he returned in January, 1893, after spending five years in an English prison on a false charge of being a dynamiter. During his imprisonment he suffered the usual tortures inflicted on political convicts, and came out a gray-headed, worn old man, though only 51 years of age. Half-a-dozen other innocent men are slowly dying in English dungeons on the same trumped-up charge.—*Boston Pilot.*

MR. T. B. MURPHY, well known in this city, and for years connected with the old Fenian organization, is positive he saw "Red Jim" McDermott in Chicago last Monday.

EARL ROSEBERY, if nothing else, is a good jockey. He won the Derby on Wednesday. He is riding for a fall over the Irish Home Rule course. We are informed by the cable artist that "the pickpocket, thimble-rigger, bruiser, itinerant minstrel, and tout fraternities were out in full force, mingling with gaudily dressed females, pretty maidens, members of parliament, clerks, and a miscellaneous concourse."

SAM B. RAYMOND, who recently experienced, and survived, a difficult and dangerous surgical operation, is being "boomed" for county treasurer by many influential Republicans. Mr. Theodore Oehne, treasurer of the Conrad Seipp Brewing Company, and a very popular gentleman, is talked of for the same position by the Democrats.

JOCKEY WALES entertained Jockey Rosebery and the members of the Jockey Club at Marlborough House, London, on Wednesday. Among others present were Jockey Edinburgh, Jockey Connaught, Jockey York, Jockey Cambridge and Jockey Christian, of Denmark. These jockeys are all riding rapidly to the devil.

A CABLE biographer says: "The destiny which Lord Rosebery mapped out for himself when at college has been fulfilled. He married the richest girl in England, Miss Hannah de Rothschild; he is prime minister of England, and he won the Derby Wednesday with his bay colt Ladas, the winner of the 2,000 guineas May 9, and the winner of the Newmarket stakes May 26."

THERE is no hope of better times in this country until congress adjourns. It is no wonder the country is sick of the Wilson bill, when the gifted author of that measure came near dying after placing it before the House of Representatives. The Wilson bill is more fatal to the business health of the country than smallpox to the physical. It would pay America to have congress go home and stay there.

THE Irish situation can be summed up in one word—stagnation.

THE HON. JOSEPH MEDILL is being earnestly spoken of for United States Senator from this State. Mr. Medill deserves any recognition he may get from the Republicans of Illinois. He is a man of progressive ideas—occasionally given to be in advance of his times—but an honest man, from the ground up, and a splendid exemplar of American pluck and manhood. Mr. Medill has sturdy Irish blood in his veins, like many other distinguished American editors and statesmen.

POOR old Doctor Addis Emmet is "catching it" all along the line from the Irish papers that still remain national. The best thing the poor old doctor can do is to take a pill. His liver is badly deranged.

THE battalion of Clan-na-Gael guards presented a remarkably fine appearance on Decoration Day. They have, by all odds, the most soldiery uniform of all the Chicago military. The physique of the men, too, is splendid. Major Buckley deserves credit for the energy and ability he has displayed in bringing his command up to its present state of efficiency.

THE Seventh regiment I. N. G. possesses fine material and has good officers. Col. Colby, Lieut. Col. Kavanaugh and others have got the enthusiasm and the skill required to make the organization perfect. On Decoration Day, the marching of some of the companies was rather uneven. Otherwise the command was up to the mark, except in point of numbers. A couple of hundred additional recruits would make the Seventh the crack regiment of State soldiers.

HYMENEAL.

CASHIN–GAYNOR.

Miss Rosaline Brown Gaynor, daughter of John Gaynor, was married Wednesday evening at the family residence, No. 4816 Grand boulevard, to Joseph Edward Cashin, of Evanston, Wyo. The Rev. Father Tighe, of Holy Angels' church, officiated. The bridesmaids were Miss Ward, Miss Leahy, Miss Gaynor, and Miss Lancaster, of St. Louis. Alfred B. Hall was groomsman. After the ceremony a reception was held, at which 200 guests were present. After an extended trip to the far West, Mr. and Mrs. Cashin will be at home in Evanston, Wyo., after July 2).

MURPHY–ENGLISH.

James S. Murphy and Elizabeth English, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas English, of 3810 Aldine place, were married at 5 o'clock Wednesday afternoon at the church of the Holy Angels by Father Tighe. John E. Murphy, brother of the groom, was best man, and Miss Carrie English, sister of the bride, was bridesmaid. Only relatives were present. Mr. and Mrs. Murphy have gone East for two weeks. They will be at home after July 1 at 535 Forty-fourth street.

SEVENTH REGIMENT NOTES.

Private Thaddeus Cullinan, Company A, has been honorably discharged.

The Seventh Infantry will report at Camp Lincoln, Springfield, Ill., on July 21, for their annual instruction.

The picnic of the Seventh will be held at Ogden Grove on July 4. One of the features of the picnic will be a competitive drill between the eight companies comprising the regiment, for a valuable prize.

Col. F. T. Colby returned to Chicago on Tuesday fortnight from an extended tour through California and the South. He received a hearty welcome from the the officers of his command, who tendered him a reception and banquet at the Columbus Club on Wednesday evening, May 23. Among the invited guests was W. Hutchins, ex-election commissioner, who has always been a true friend of the Seventh, having stood by it in the past and will do so again in the future. The following named officers were present: Lieut-Col. Kavanagh, who presided; Maj. G. J. Carroll, Maj. M.E. McGrath, Captains T. L. Hartigan, J.S., Hyland, E. A. Kelley, M. D. Sullivan, D. Moriarty, W. J. Carroll, D. T. McGraw, M. Punch, T. Gary, J. J. Sisk, E. P. Burke; Lieuts. J. Moran, T. P. Donovan, D. O'Neill, J. B. Barrett, T. McDermott, M. E. Cassidy, J. Moroney, J. Gill, J. L. Malley, M. Duhig, J. T. Stanton, E. Hayes, J. Moore, and J. F. Ryan.

In reading a morning paper one day last week we noticed that it stated that the Seventh Infantry would disband if they did not get an armory; from inquiries made we wish to give this an emphatic denial, the idea of the Seventh disbanding exists only in the vivid imagination of some newspaper reporter. The Seventh will have an armory in the near future, but whether they have an armory or not they will not disband; they are soldiers, and, as such, have made up their minds to overcome greater difficulties and discouragements than, this if necessary. The men at the head of the Seventh are men of indomitable perseverance, and this is only a small difficulty to them which with a little time they will soon adjust.

For the first time since Decoration Day ceremonies were instituted in this great metropolis of the west, a distinctively Irish regiment led the State troops participating in those ceremonies. Friends of the regiment who are acquainted with its difficulties, the most formidable one of which is the want of an armory, were fearful lest the regiment would not make a fine appearance in its new position, on the right of the line of the first brigade; but we are glad to be able to state that their fears were not realized; on the contrary the regiment never made a finer appearance. People along the line of march, some of whom are no friends of the Seventh, made many comments, but they all seemed unanimous in saying that they were a fine body of men, a credit to the great State they represent and whose laws they are sworn to uphold, a credit to their officers and themselves. There were about 400 men in line.

The First Battalion, consisting of companies C, E, G and H will report at 8 o'clock sharp on Tuesday June 12, for battalion drill.

UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES.

The United Irish Societies of Chicago and Cook county are requested to send delegates—three from each organization entitled to representation—to the annual convention, which will meet at Fitzgerald's hall, Halsted and Adams streets, at 3 o'clock p.m., Sunday, June 24, 1894. Officers for the ensuing year are to be elected, and other important business disposed of.

JOHN F. FINERTY, President.
T. F. MCCARTHY, }
JOHN DOWLING, } Secretaries.

SCHILLER THEATRE.

These are the last nights of "The Black Hussar," for it will be withdrawn at the close of the present week, for the production of that melodious and amusing opera "The Tar and Tartar." The story of the "Tar and Tartar" is a delightfully humorous creation by Harry B. Smith, and its charming music is by Adam Itzel, and not by DeKoven as some suppose. From its first production it was an instant favorite with the comic opera loving public. The principle artists of the Schiller Opera Company have already become reigning favorites with the public. William Wolff as Hacenback, the magistrate in the "Black Hussar," is irresistibly funny and has made another decided hit. His comic creation of Muley Hassan in the forthcoming opera, "Tar and Tartar," is looked for with great curiosity by the laughter-loving public. J. Aldrich Libbey, the famous baritone; Jane Stuart, the original and vivacious soubrette, Agnes Delaporte, soprano, and Ethel Lynton the contralto, William Stephens the tenor and the others have all strong and attractive characters in the "Tar and Tartar," which will be produced with the same attention to detail, ensemble, musical excellence and scenic display which have characterized the Schiller operas up to date. In fact, the "Tar and Tartar," which will succeed the "Black Hussar" next Sunday evening, will certainly increase and emphasize the immense popularity of the Schiller Opera Company.

The Best mutual insurance policy against attacks of sickness is to be found in taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. If you are weak it will make you strong.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, cure headache. Try a box. 25c.

Tourist Excursion Tickets

At reduced rates are now on sale, via The North-Western Line, to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Deadwood, Dakota Hot Springs, Denver, Colorado Springs, Manitou, Salt Lake City, Yellowstone National Park and all the lake and mountain resorts of the West and Northwest. For rates and full information apply to agents of connecting lines. Illustrated pamphlets, giving full particulars, will be mailed free upon application to W. A. THRALL, General Passenger and Ticket Agent Chicago & North-Western Railway, Chicago.

"MIKE FROM GARRYOWEN."

An Irish Version of the Fenian Invasion of Canada.

I.

The War of the Rebellion was over. Peace had been proclaimed at Appomattox Court House. The great review of the Union troops had taken place in Washington, under the eye of President Johnson; and every Irish soldier in the service firmly believed that he would be immediately ordered to Canada to subdue the Canadians, and make their country a State of the Union. We had been fighting English guns, English ships, English balls and bullets, from Atlanta to the sea, and somehow the notion struck us that we would soon be fighting England. This feeling was prevalent among Sherman's men. There were a great many Irish under his command. Some of his best fighters, indeed, were Irish, which fact he has often verified.

Well, we were disbanded, and, among others, I was one who sought work in the Oil Regions of Pennsylvania.

There was then a patriotic enthusiasm in every Irish heart. The Fenian Brotherhood was at the plentitude of its power. The Irish-Americans were sending arms and funds to Ireland, and every Irishman that was fit to handle a rifle had one in his hands. We only waited for the order to burst upon our country's enemy, and, by the same token, it was what we most desired.

We attended the drills in Franklin City, Pa., until the Spring of 1866. Then the greater part of us removed to Buffalo, N. Y.

It was a bright May evening. The red sun was sinking on Lake Erie, and the noise and bustle of the great city was giving place to silence and repose, when a company of soldiers dressed in the green uniform of the Army of the Irish Republic, arrived at the Union Depot, Buffalo.

I approached one, a handsome young fellow with a black moustache and as dark an eye.

"Where did you come from?" I asked.

"Indianapolis."

"Where are you going?"

"To Canada."

"Well, we're Western men, and used to slaughtering bulls on the prairies. Do you understand? and expect to get a job in Canada?"

"Will you take an apprentice?"

"If he knows how to use a rifle, yes."

"I served three years for Uncle Sam."

"Then come."

I went.

II.

It was the night of the 1st of June, 1866. On the Canadian side of the Niagara river a group of young men, with jackets green, their rifles lying by their sides, and their feet sunk deep into the cooling waters of the river, conversed upon its banks. They belonged to different companies. Some were from the South, some from the North and West. Each had his local peculiarity of accent and speech; but it was plain to be seen that the majority were born in Ireland.

Among others, a young fellow apparently not more than eighteen, with red cheeks, mild blue eyes like a girl, and an open ingenuous expression of countenance engaged my attention. He wore a hat, which used to be known by the name of "billy cock" at home in Ireland, a frieze coat, and a pair of corduroy trousers.

"What company do you belong to?" I asked, taking up my rifle and edging a little nearer to him.

"I don't know if I belong to any company in particular, sir," he replied in a broad, sweet Munster accent that fell on my ears like the melody that's softly played in tune.

"I'm a volunteer."

"So am I; but surely you must know the company you belong to," wondering at his boyish ignorance of military affairs, forgetful that everyone was not a "three-year-old" veteran like myself.

"Well, I landed in New York, about a week ago, from Limerick, and seeing the boys were going on a scrimmage, I thought I'd take a hand myself in the affair. My grandfather was in the trouble in '98, and my own father was 'out' with Smith O'Brien, and I don't see why I should not be in anything that is going on now."

"What is your name?"

"My first name is Mike—never mind the family name—I come from the heart of old Garryowen, and with the blessing of God I'll try and do my best tomorrow and not disgrace the town that gave me birth," he said, unconsciously raising his voice as he went along.

The "boys"—there were about fifty in our company, from as many counties and States—gave a cheer for "Mike from Garryowen," as his passionate patriotic words fell upon their ears. Soon after, stretching ourselves upon the bare ground, we tried to snatch a few fitful slumbers, and awaited the bugle blast that would summon us to battle in the morning.

III.

It was the morning of the 2nd of June. We had marched almost one hundred miles within the last few days. We were hungry, footsore, and weary. Word came that the Britishers were bearing down upon us. Passion passed along our lines—five thousand from Toronto, an equal number from Kingston and Ottawa, and a contingent from Hamilton with a battery of artillery strong enough to annihilate us. While we were eating our breakfast, scant and meagre as it was, a bugle sounded.

"Fall in!"

In a moment we were up and stirring. From mouth to mouth the word passed, "The Redcoats are upon us!"

I have been on board a sailing vessel in mid-ocean when the breath of the tempest swept with cyclonic fury and I momentarily expected to be engulfed. I have met and braved the daring chivalry of the South at Chickamauga, Chattanooga, Murfreesboro and Franklin; but, I confess, never did I experience such mingled feelings of gladness and gloom, of joy and fear, of depression and hope, as there passed through my heart as I stood confronting the British lines. It had been the object of my life, it was the hope of my heart, to fire one shot anyhow, before I'd die, against the British. And now the time had come.

Massed in solid columns they came on. The prestige of the British name, the glory of their flag. "The flag that braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze" waved over them, with the most powerful government on earth at their back—outnumbering us five to one—with Spencer repeating rifles against common Springfields, they bore down upon us with a cheer that drowned the roar of their rifles, hurled us back bleeding and discomfited. Then I despaired (for that day) for the cause and flag of my country. We were almost demoralized. English bullets were pelting at us thick as hail. Our comrades were falling; we were in retreat.

Suddenly a loud and commanding voice was heard above the din and tumult.

"Halt!"

As if the wand of a magician had waved over us, and sent a God-like current of courage into our hearts, we halted.

"Fall in!"

Quick as thought the order was obeyed.

Mounted on a grey horse, O'Neill rode from rank to rank; the English were advancing on us. Brave men they were; their solid and compact front, glittering with steel, might well dismay a stronger band. But now, fired by a spirit as lofty, and a resolution as incomparable, we awaited their charge.

An English officer, conspicuous by his red uniform, led them on. As they came, with a shout of triumph on their lips and grim determination in their eyes, a man suddenly leaped from the ranks of the Cincinnati contingent, advanced about twenty paces to the front, deliberately levelled his musket, fired, and the English officer fell with a bullet from Mike from Garryowen's rifle in his brain!

"Charge boys, and drive them back to hell!" shouted the brave fellow as he sprang forward against the opposing ranks. We responded with a yell and a bound. Two sheets of flame flashed for a moment in the space between us and the foe—one volley, fierce and swift as a lightning flash, and bursting upon their shattered centre we swept them before us with our bayonets. When the smoke rolled away, the redcoats were in retreat—the Meteor flag was trampled to the earth, but poor Mike from Garryowen lay dead with an English bullet in his heart.

We buried him in his green jacket and corduroys on the banks of the Niagara river that night.—*Irish Weekly Independent.*

SGEULTA FIANNAIGHEACHTA.

Eachtradh Lomnochtainn Sleibhe Riffi,

Ann so sios, mar leanas.

[AIR LEANAMHAIN.]

Do mhol Diarmuid an chómhairle sin, agus do ghluaiseadar go dán Lom, agus do rainig leo a bheith aistigh sul thainig an righ: Agus air theacht aisteach do'n righ, do b'iongnadh mór leis an bhuidhean chalma, airmghideach do fuair roimhe aistigh, agus a ingean 'nna suighe 'nna measg, agus 1 ag comhradh leo. Ciodh trioht, fiafrios an righ cé raibh Lom.

"Cia thusa do fhiafruigh?" ar Conán.

"Mise righ an oiledin seo," ar sé, "agus atá drong éigin ann amhuil gan fios ddinn, ag cur dearg-ár air mo mhuintir; agus is é is mian liom Lom do thabhairt liom go n-imirigh draoigheacht orra, go g-cuirfeadh chum báis iad a n-déinfeacht le drong do Fhiannaibh Eirionn atá ceangailte aige."

"Na h-uile dhiomádhadh air an m-beul sin," ar Conán, "ar thainig an cómhradh sin as, óir is amcasg do námhaid atá tú," ag breith air mhuineul air an righ agus d'á threasagairt chum láir agus lán-talmhuin.

Leis sin do sgread an ingean caomh-diuinn, agus do ghaibh colmire ag Goll, ag Osgur, agus ag Diarmuid, agus d'athcuingidh orrá gan léigionn do Chonán a h-athair do mharbhadh. Eirighios Goll agus do bhain an righ as lámhaibh Chonáin agus do chuir 'nas shuidhe idir é féin agus Osgur é, agus inniseas dó mar do thuit Lom agus a bheanchéile le Conán agus leis n-a conaibh; d'innis gurb' é Diarmuid agus Conán do thug dearga air a mhuintir, agus ná raibh righ 'san domhan do bhéarfadh buaidh air Fhiannaibh Eirionn.

Air sin, a dubhairt an righ, cáirde ? anma do thabhairt dó agus go d-tabhairfadh géill agus óighréir dóibh, agus a ingean mar mhnaoi agus mar bheanchéile do Dhiarmuid má ba é a thoil a glacadh. Do mholadar go léir an chómairle sin achd Conán do dhearbhaidh a n-éiric an bhreitheamnuis do mheas do thabhairt air féin agus air an bh-Féinn areir roimhe sin; go n-déanfadh d'aimdheóin a raibh, greamanna seabhac d'á g-corpaibh, a dúnta do losga, agus toll a mheanmuin d'fhághail air a mnaoi.

Dubhairt Diarmuid leis a chómhairle do ghlacadh, agus sith agus caradas do dheanamh leis an righ: "Agus, a Chonáin," ar Diarmuid, "is amhail is cóir go bráth, troid le treun, agus tais le truagh."

Aontuigheas Conán air impidhe Dhiarmada, agus ceangladh sith agus páirt idir iad féin agus an righ. Agus thug an righ a ingean mar bheanchéile do Dhiarmuid. Do bhronn seoide air Gholl agus air chéch mar é agus do thug mórán ionmhás do Chonán. Do ceileabhadar do'n righ; agus a h-aithle sin chuireadar long Lomnochtain air an mbuir, trom-liontа le seódaibh saidhbhre, do-fhághala, agus ní h-aithristear a bheag orra gur ghabhadar cuan agus calaphort lán-eolbhian Luimnighe 'san m-bliadhain d'aois ár d-tigbearna Criost 71. Agus do bhi rómpa air an g-cuan, deich g-ceud laoch d'Fiannaibh Eirionn, do b-fheárr guil agus gaisce dá'r chuir an talamh fhódach ós a chionn riamh, agus iad ullmhughthe chum dul air a d-tualrisg-san. Agus fior an aisling do chonnaire Fionn. Do chuir an dáil lámhfháilte rómpa, agus abraim deire, agus sirim guidhe gach léightheóra air son m-anama anois agus air uair mo bháis.

(FINIT.)

A Month Among Elephants.

Shortly after 8 o'clock we set out with about forty elephants. There were over a hundred in the expedition proper, but many others were attached to it in a menial capacity. An idea may be formed of the size of a kheddan expedition, when I mention that ten tons of jute rope are taken to tie the hind legs of the elephants; not to mention tools, tents, chains, provisions, and scores of other articles.

A great many people have erroneous impressions of an elephant's enormous strength. It is true that one can walk when necessary, about forty English miles a day; can carry a ton and a half, and can drag considerably heavier weights; but such cases are exceptional, not the rule. A ton and a half on level ground is a good weight for an elepant, and he can stand it for about three days walking at the rate of twenty miles a day. In mountainous regions a quarter to a half ton is all that an elephant can bear, marching from ten to fifteen miles a day, especially if he has to seek his own food in the woods. Nor is this pachyderm invulnerable to small injuries; on the contrary he is very susceptible to any abuse such as overloading etcetera, and recovers very slowly, indeed. In spite of his thick skin he is very much affected by sunheat, flies and mosquitoes. It is incomprehensible that the English in India, who are in other matters so thoroughly practical, should not insist on the officers being better instructed in the care and treatment of elephants. The poor beasts are frequently overburdened and otherwise ill-treated, as a result of which they soon break down, when by careful treatment they might last much longer.

Our road was a very difficult one, leading as it did up and down hill, over streams and through tangled woods, where the elephants had to trample a path for themselves; nevertheless, the animals marched steadily onward, and seemed to enjoy the journey. We camped beside a sparkling stream, where, while the servants were pitching our tents, we indulged in a refreshing bath, followed by a hearty breakfast.—*William Lansing, in Home and Country, for June.*

BRAVE BUGLER QUINN.

Robbed of the Credit of Capturing the Mexican General, La Vega.

(*Brooklyn Eagle.*)

It is not generally known that Brooklyn enjoys the distinction of possessing one of the three known survivors of one of the most desperate charges in which United States troops were ever engaged, the storming of the Mexican batteries at Resaca de la Palma. This is the Gen. W. F. Melbourne, special examiner, Bureau of Pensions, for the counties of Kings, Queens, Richmond and Suffolk. The famous charge at Resaca de la Palma was made by the Second Regiment of United States Dragoons.

"Gen. Melbourne's reminiscences so completely upset some of the popular traditions and historical accounts of those days that they are well worth preserving in some material form.

"The account below of Resaca de la Palma is almost in his own words and may be taken as coming from his own lips:

"Captain May, who, as senior captain in command of the regiment, led the Second Dragoons in their charge at Resaca de la Palma, was by birth a native of Washington, though the latter years of his life were all spent in New York. Fred May, the well known New York clubman, whose recent encounter on the street in Washington with Col. (Buffalo Bill) Cody has again brought him into unenvied prominence, is a nephew of Capt. May, who, in general appearance, he is said to closely resemble. In a well known picture of the time, copies of which could be found on the walls of every inn in almost every hamlet throughout the United States, Capt. May's is the central figure. The picture represented him seated on a fiery charger, a tall, soldierly looking man, with long, streaming black hair, which fell in great masses over his neck and shoulders. In his right hand was a drawn sabre flashing in the sunlight over the head of a captured Mexican general, by whose coat collar May held him in the tight grasp of his left hand. The captured foe was the Mexican commander, Gen. La Vega.

"The truth about the Mexican's capture has never before this been published. This is the story:

"In the Second Dragoons there was a common soldier named Quinn, an uneducated man, but as brave as a lion. He was a company bugler and an excellent one, but never rose higher in the ranks because of his lack of influence.

"Quinn it was who, unaided, brought the proud Mexican commander to his feet. Upon his capture La Vega, to his chagrin, recognized him as only a common soldier and refused to surrender his sword to him. He insisted on being taken before the officer in command of the United States troops, saying that only upon that condition would he submit to surrendering his sword. Quinn accordingly escorted his prisoner into the presence of Capt. May, to whom La Vega delivered himself with all the honors of war. Quinn's services upon this occasion were never reported to the War Department, as he had neither friends nor influence to command at headquarters in pushing his claims for advancement, but it happened that in recoguition of other special acts of courage and gallantry during the same campaign the War Department, to whose notice he had been in some way commended, had prepared for him a splendid silver bugle, suitably inscribed.

"This bugle was sent to the regiment to be presented to Quinn by the colonel in command. He never received it. May, for his services being breveted colonel, was for a long time after the close of hostilities senior officer in command of the regiment, which was stationed in Texas. By some means or other, or, perhaps more truly, for fear this honor to Quinn would detract from his reputation as the reputed captor of La Vega, May caused the bugle to be withheld from Quinn. This brave soldier was, some time later, dismissed from the service, and, wandering away, was never again heard of by his companions in arms. The bugle was borne on the regimental property rolls for years, until the pretty trinket, being kicked and battered about, finally lost its beauty and value, except the intrinsic worth of the metal of which it was composed. At last one day, while I was detailed with thirty men to escort Major Albert Sidney Johnson, then paymaster, to pay off the troops, Arthur D. Tree, who was then the regimental quartermaster, said, while examining the store, 'I want to get rid of that —— bugle of Quinn's. Take it down to San Antonio and smash it up and sell it for old silver. You can give the money to the escort to drink to the health of poor old Quinn.' That was its fate, and there was not a dry eye among the men as they drank to him, for he was a favorite among the boys."

If you travel on the Monon you know that it is the best route between Chicago, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Louisville and the South. City Ticket office, No. 232 Clark street, Chicago. Frank J. Reed, General Passenger Agent.

MEMORIAL DAY, 1894.

Respectfully Dedicated to Department Commander George W. Knaebel, and the Grand Army of the Republic, Department of New Mexico.

BY A. L. MORRISON.

They're dying, oh, they're dying, the old heroic band,
The bulwarks of our freedom, the saviors of our land,
Who heard and answered Lincoln's call, amid the battle's roar—
"We're coming Father Abraham, five hundered thousand more."
When treason smote the Nation's flag on Sumter's crumbling wall,
And Rebel yells rose wild and high, exulting o'er it's fall,
When fratricidal hands were raisd to rend our flag of stars
And plant o'er tower and town and field the Rebel crimson bars;
When Mississippi's mighty flood, to reach its ocean strand,
Flowed half through Freedom's western home and half thro' Rebel land,
When high-souled matron's bent with grief, wept o'er their country's shame
And sent their loved ones forth to die in freedom's sacred name.
But oh, what hopes their bosom's filled as joyfully they gazed
To where, o'er Southern camp and fort Columbia's banner blazed.
To see in serried files and ranks with thundering trump and drum,
And arms and banners gleaming bright the Union heroes come,
From where New England's breezes fan the the war-flags of the free,
To where the Rio Grande rolls its tribute to the sea;
From where the sun's first morning rays light up the Empire State,
To where his last fond kisses fall upon the Golden Gate;
From where mid banks of em'rald green the Shannon's waters shine
To where historic castles guard the glorious German Rhine
And from the plains of gallant France—our oldest, truest friend—
To where the gorgeous northern lights on Norway's coasts descend:
They come, the fearless and the free, to rescue from disgrace
Our Union flag, the pride and hope of all the human race,
That beacon bright whose holy light gleams over land and sea
To guide earth's weary wanderers to the port of Liberty.
Above each column's ordered ranks that beacon gleam'd on high
As some great comet's angry glare lights up the midnight sky;
It cheered the soldier's weary march and lonely midnight post,
And lit our cruisers' decks and spars along the guarded coast;
It gleamed amid the battle's smoke as glinting sunbeams shine,
And flashed like vivid lightning on the bay'nets levell'd line.
Oh, the gallant tars! oh, the peerless hosts! never since Godfrey's hand
Unfurled the standard of the Cross above the Holy Land,
And never since that standard flew o'er Salem's conquered towers,
Fought braver men for holier cause or dearer land than ours.
Grandly they fought and nobly fell in Grant's victorious van;
They rushed like furies to the charge with fiery Sheridan;
Like stormy music loudly rolled their war-songs proud and free,
Where Sherman's fearless columns march'd triumphant to the sea;
Strong in the holy cause of right, for it they freely died:
Now in our mother's breast they sleep, like brothers side by side.
Oh loved remains! oh hallow'd dust! with each returning spring
The sweetest flowers of field and grove to deck your graves we bring.
May we be brave as you were brave and true as you were true,
And may our children's children love our land and flag, like you:
Oh soft and quiet be your rest beneath the verdant sod,
And may your spirits soar aloft to the great White Throne of God.

Read at the memorial exercises, Santa Fe, New Mexico, on May 30, by the Hon. A. L. Morrison, by whom it was written.

On Top of Mt. Ararat.

"Mount Ararat has two tops, a few hundred yards apart, sloping, on the eastern and western extremities, into rather prominent abutments, and separated by a snow valley, or depression, from fifty to one hundred feet in depth." Thus, in the *Century* for June, write Messrs. Allen and Sachtleben, the two young Americans who made a bicycle tour round the world.

"The eastern top, on which we were standing, was quite extensive, and thirty to forty feet lower than its western neighbor. Both tops are hummocks on the huge dome of Ararat, like the humps on the back of a camel, on neither one of which is there a vestige of anything but snow.

"There remained just as little trace of the crosses left by Parrot and Chodzko, as of the ark itself. We remembered the pictures we had seen in our nursery-books, which represented this mountain-top covered with green grass, and Noah stepping out of the ark, in the bright, warm sunshine, before the receding waves; and now we looked around and saw this very spot covered with perpetual snow. Nor did we see any evidence whatever of a former existing crater, except perhaps the snow-filled depression we have just mentioned. There was nothing about his perpetual snow-field, and the freezing atmosphere that was chilling us to the bone, to remind us that we were on the top of an extinct volcano that once trembled with the convulsions of subterranean heat.

"The view from this towering height was immeasurably extensive, and almost too grand. All detail was lost—all color, all outline; even the surrounding mountains seemed to be but excrescent ridges of the plain. Then, too, we could catch only occasional glimpses, as the clouds shifted to and fro. At one time they opened up beneath us, and revealed the Aras valley with its glittering ribbon of silver at an abysmal depth below. Now and then we could descry the black volcanic peaks of Ali Ghez forty miles away to the northwest, and on the southwest the low mountains that obscured the town of Bayazid. Of the Caucasus, the mountains about Erzerum on the west, and Lake Van on the south, and even of the Caspian Sea, all of which are said to be in Arrat's horrizon, we could see absolutely nothing."

IRISH NEWS.

On Sunday, May 20, there died in Kilrush a lady named Bridget Beaumond, at the age of 102 years.

At Queenstown two boatmen, William McCarthy and Lawrence Cullinane, had a dispute about a pipe. Angry words ensued which resulted in McCarthy drawing a pocket knife and stabbing Cullinane in the left breast right over the heart, inflicting a nasty wound. He then stabbed him in the muscle of the left arm. The wounded man was taken to the hospital and his assailant arrested.

The death is announced of the Rev. Father O'Brien, P.P., Baltimore, in the very prime of life. The deceased clergyman succeeded the late Father Davis as pastor of Baltimore, and was much beloved by his parishioners, to whom during the eighteen months which he has acted as pastor he had endeared himself. He was chairman of the Baltimore Harbor Board, represented the Board of Trade, and was also one of the governors of the Baltimore Fishing School.

On the 16th ult. a woman named Norry Donoughue, a widow, employed as a weaver at Morrogh Brothers' woolen mills, Douglas, near Cork, was bending over a portion of the machinery, which was stationary. The machinery was suddenly set in motion, and the woman became entangled in it. Her skull was fractured, and she died almost immediately.

James McMahon, of Wrightson's lane, Dundalk, aged 50 years, was killed by being knocked down by a bicycle on the night of May 15. The wheel was being ridden by a young man named Mullen, a clerk in the postoffice. The accident happened about 10 o'clock at night. Mr. McMahon was crossing the street, which was poorly lighted, and did not observe the cyclist, who carried neither lamp nor bell.

Mr. P. O'Donnell, chairman of the Clogheen board of guardians, has been appointed to a commission of the peace for the county Tipperary.

Dr. J. M. Callan, coroner for Louth, met death in a tragic manner about two weeks ago. He was in the habit of reading in bed, and on the night of his death, after he had retired to rest he placed a lighted candle close by his pillow to enable him to read more easily. By some accident the candle ignited his clothing, and before help arrived he had received such injuries as resulted in his death, notwithstanding the skill and attention of Dr. McDonnell, who had been summoned immediately after the accident.

The mayor of Cork has received the following letter from the Rev. Father McDonnell:

"ARRAN ISLES, Galway—*Augustine Roche, Esq., Mayor of Cork—My Kind and True Friend:* Your timely remittance in aid of the homeless and the starving in Arran is only another proof of the generosity of Cork whenever patriotism or charity is concerned. The appalling scenes on these barren islands are far more eloquent than any description that could be given. If those who take on themselves to say that we are not as bad as we represent would only come here and see the desolate homes and starving people we should not be any longer appealing, as it were, to a metal statue. But, unfortunately, people accustomed to the rich fertility of other countries undertake to theorize on the barren rocks of Arran, though they have never crossed into Connacht. But, please God, there is a good time coming, when we shall appeal to those who know us and who sympathise with us. Thanking you and your kind friends from my heart, and assuring you that I and the poor people of Arran shall treasure up a grateful remembrance of your kindness. I remain, sincerely yours, MICHAEL MCDONNELL, C.C."

The week ending May 12 there were 457 inmates in the Tipperary workhouse, an increase of 23 compared with the corresponding week last year. The average cost is 3s 1d, and the number on outdoor relief is 952, at a cost of £76 5s 3d.

Lieut. Col. William Ford Longborne, resident magistrate at Mitchelstown, has been appointed resident magistrate for the county Galway.

The death is announced of the venerable Archdeacon Halpin, parish priest of Rathkeale, Limerick, who expired a few days ago at the parochial residence after a rather prolonged illness. Archdeacon Halpin was an estimable clergyman, and was held in great regard by his parishioners. He took but very little part in politics, and lived more or less a retired life since his translation to Rathkeale.

Mr. D. Fitzgerald Gabbett, J.P., Cahirconlish House, Cahirconlish, will be appointed to the lord lieutenancy of the county Limerick, vacant through the death of Lord Emly. Mr. Gabbett represented Limerick City from 1879 to 1886 as a Home Ruler.

Miss Mary Cadogan, an unmarried woman of independent means, who was residing with a relative, Mr. Laurence Doyle, at Abbeydrauey, committed suicide on the 12th ult. by drowning herself in a pool of water at a place called Ballygarvan, near New Ross.

At the Ursuline Convent, St. Joseph's, Sligo, on Saturday week the solemn ceremony of the profession of a novice, Miss Mary Josephine O'Donoghue, in religion Mother Mary J. Evangelist, eldest daughter of M. J. R. O'Donoghue, T.C., merchant, Ballinasloe, took place. Most Rev. Dr. Gillooly officiated at the ceremony.

OBITUARY.

MR. MICHAEL LYNCH.

Mr. Michael Lynch died recently at his residence, No. 591 South Halsted street, at the early age of 48 years, after a brief illness. The funeral took place to the Sacred Heart church thence by carriages to Calvary. The cortege was one of the largest witnessed in the district for many years. Deceased was a native of Listowell, County Kerry and came to this country 32 years ago. Mr. Lynch leaves a widow and eight children mostly of tender age. His brother, Jeremiah Lynch, is a well known city hall employe. The late Mr. Lynch had a multitude of personal friends, who appreciated him as a man and as a citizen. His honesty was proverbial, and he never refused to aid a worthy cause or a deserving person in need. He was devoted as an Irish nationalist, and was a devout member of the Catholic church. Few men have died in the West Division of late years more generally mourned. May he rest in peace.

A New Picnic Ground.

St. Paul Park is located at Morton, Ill., 14 miles north of Chicago, on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. The grounds cover 80 acres on the North Branch river. One-half is a grove of large maples, the other half is a level meadow, suited for base ball, tennis and all outdoor games. Good boating on river, and in every way the most attractive picnic ground in the vicinity of Chicago. For further information, rates, etc., apply to H. E. LAING, City Passenger Agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, 207 Clark street.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

THERE are 177,855 miles of railroad in the United States. 533,665,000 ties are used to bind these rails together. No such number is required, however, to bind the hearts of a traveling public to the Monon Route. All acknowledge that it is the best line between Chicago, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Louisville and the South. City Ticket office, No. 232 Clark street, Chicago.

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STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss.—Circuit Court of Cook County. To the May Term, A. D. 1894. Free Home Building, Loan and Homestead Association, a corporation, etc., vs. Thomas Vizard, Catherine Vizard and Ernest N. Smith. In Chancery. No. 127,783.

Notice is hereby given to the said defendant, Thomas Vizard, that the above named complainant heretofore filed its Bill of Complaint in said court, on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendants, returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House, in said county, in said Cook County, on the third Monday A. D. 1894, as is by law required, since which suit is still pending.

FRANK J. GAULTER, Clerk.
David Sullivan Complt's Solr.

AT THE PHONE.

There are sounds that seem to soothe us,
There are sounds that seem to move us,
As the cradle song in opera or the rooster's early crow.
There are times when nothing pleases
And tormenting thoughts will tease us,
Then it does me good to listen to her musical "Hello."

'Tis so nicely regulated
And so sweetly modulated
That I oft would linger longer if I did not jealous grow.
For some fellow's sure to break in
With a sound that I must take in
While I'm patiently awaiting to hear one more "Hello."

"Wait a moment," says she sweetly,
And she switches him off neatly,
Then uninterrupted tells me what she knows I want to know.
Yet there are no honeyed phrases,
For "the chief" is "keeping cases,"
But she manages to call me something more than mere "Hello."

Although I've never seen her,
Curiosity's no keener
Than when first I heard her voice repeat a call, distinct and slow.
For in my mind I've photoed her,
And in my heart I've voted her
The loveliest and the brightest girl that ever said "Hello."

—Cincinnati Tribune.

WIDOW GAMBERTI.

The regiment had been expected since the morning.

In the villages remote from the great centers, where life goes on calm and even as the mechanical movement of a well regulated clock, the passage of the troops is always an important event. The peasants even, naturally penurious, do not complain of the slight expense and inconvenience that the military guests bring for a day into their houses, and be it noted that it is not a patriotic feeling nor affection for the sons of others which animates them, but it amuses them to pass the evening in listening to the adventurous tales and the jokes of the barracks of some soldier that is rather a chatterbox, especially if he is from the south. There are fine things to be heard, you may believe me.

That day the young serving women had done their daily tasks in the quickest way and with various distractions. The work-women busy near the windows had often raised the curtains to see better as officer scouts to prepare the lodgings who since dawn had galloped up and down through the town satisfied no doubt with attracting all the feminine glances.

It was a cold day in the beginning of April. The winter, which all had believed to be definitely over, by a malignant caprice or to play a bad trick on its enemies was come back again, and the icy white mantle covered the earth anew and shone magnificent under the sun of the first spring days.

"What a fine thing that the sun is out, so they will be cheerful when they arrive," thought the girls while they blew upon their reddened fingers to warm them and listened with beating hearts whether the wind brought from afar some sound of a trumpet or trampling of horses.

All at once echoed a fanfare rather confused, but jovial. The regiment! The regiment!

Half an hour later the soldiers were pouring into the village, filling it with the clatter of their sabers and their youthful voices in various dialects of Italy.

* * * * * *

Together in the dining room, long and low roofed, of the Moon tavern the officers in fatigue uniform approached their damp boots to the flames of a patriarchal chimney in the happy frame of mind of those who after a tiresome day's march finally have nothing more to do except to rest in a comfortable house, with the prospect of a good dinner.

"I say!" exclaimed Lieutenant Terbiani, who was carelessly rolling a cigarette and rocking himself on a chair near the window. "Here are two fine specimens of the natives. Come and see, Destrelli. As for me, I never dreamed of more charming little women."

All the officers rushed to the window in haste to test the accuracy of that opinion.

"Oh, oh! They are elegant indeed."

"Look what tiny tracks those feet leave on the snow."

"And what graceful movements."

"They are lovely and no mistake."

"Look here, landlord!" called Lieutenant Varalla, fitting his monocle into the eye socket, "are all the women of this place like those?"

The innkeeper, a stout man of about 50, smiled, stroking his beard, half red and half gray, and declared:

"Not all, signor tenente. Our girls, I may say, are not amiss, but those who passed are Signorina Corati of Givioco, daughter of the master of the villa up there on the hill, and the other with the dark hair is her sister, the Marchesa Gamberti, a young lady"——

The lieutenant had opened his mouth to ask some other question, but at that moment a servant maid came in great haste to the master, because he was wanted in the kitchen. One of the young men made a rather crude observation on the plumpness of the girl, and the conversation changed.

"Tell me, my dear fellows," asked a captain recently promoted, "how are you accommodated? Because you know that we shall stay here almost two days, so that the question is important. Are you content?"

Each of the officers named the lodging assigned to him, and the comments began.

"That unlucky Destrelli! He is always destined to be quartered at a hairdresser's. It is true, however, that his hair wants cutting. See here, Destrelli! Put yourself right into the hands of your hairdresser!" They all laughed heartily.

"As for Bompane, he goes from villa to villa. He stays with the aristocracy, does Bompane! And this time, too, look! He is to be entertained by Baron Corati of Givioco."

"Ah! At the house of the beautiful little blond who just now went by!"

"Lucky fellow!" was cried on every hand.

"And you—whose house are you for?" asked Terbiani of the lieutenant with the eyeglass. They had been companions at the school of Modena and remained intimate friends in the regiment.

"As for me, I don't complain," replied the other with his girlish voice, drawling the words. "The widow Gamberti is my hostess."

"Widow! What, a widow? That imbecile of a landlord did not tell us that she was a widow."

"But that is just the thing for me. Paolo, my dear fellow, be good. Let us change lodgings. It is a favor for which I shall be grateful to you all my life." Thus did Terbiani beg and supplicate him.

"Change with Bompane—that is better—so you can pay court to that blond young lady."

"No, no! I like brunettes best. I prefer widows. They are more piquant. Come, I beg of you. Think that your compliance may perhaps decide my whole life."

"Well, take my lodging," sighed the young lieutenant, with affected resignation. "Go and warm your heart in the presence of the Marchesa Gamberti, and toast your boots at the fireplace of her parlor."

Then Terbiani rushed to hunt up his valise; next into one of the rooms of the inn, where he worked a complete metamorphosis in his apparel; changed his fatigue dress, frayed and discolored, for a brand fine new uniform, and without re-entering the dining room went to ask some directions of the landord as to the pace where Casa Gamberti was.

"Ah, you are quartered there? Excellent!" approved the fat landlord after having looked at the lieutenant from head to foot to make sure that he was worthy of such a place. Then he added:

"Fortunately you have but few steps to take because the Palazzo Gamberti is almost opposite here, that house, you see, where there are so many lights."

The officer went toward the house pointed to him. It was an antique building of rich and elegant stye—a pearl among lentils in comparison with the other houses.

"She must be a lady and no mistake," said Terbiani to himself, not only at seeing her home, but also at the aspect of the servant that came to open the door.

"The signora marchesa is at the Villa di Givioso," said the domestic, showing the lieutenant into a drawing room furnished in antique brocade, where a great fire was crackling merrily in the porphyry chimneypiece. The servant added:

"If the signor tenente wishes to read, on that table are the newspapers, in that bookcase some books. If the signor tenente wishes that I should prepare him some tea or coffee, that I bring him some liquors"——

"No, thank you," replied the officer absentmindedly.

"Perhaps the signor tenente would like to go to bed?"

"No, no; thanks," repeated Terbiani. "I never go to bed before midnight."

This last phrase was uttered in the hope that the marchesa would come home before that hour.

"Here is an apartment kept as I like to see one, and a domestic worthy to be the envy of many a master," was the mental approval of the officer as he stretched himself in a wide, low and deep armchair before the glowing fire.

He opened a newspaper, read without understanding a syllable the leading article, which was upon the foreign policy. Then little by little he forgot his reading. He began to watch the flame that arose in tongues, blue, golden, red, and ended by absorbing himself in a thousand dreams more luminous, strange, many colored and capricious than the flame itself. They lasted until the moment when the marchesa in person entered the room a little after 10 o'clock.

She was much prettier, to look at her closely, than Terbiani had judged her at first sight.

"Welcome, lieutenant," said the lady with the ease of a perfect woman of the world. "I have just met at my mother's house one of your companions, and from him I learned that you were here, so I'm come home in great haste to fulfill the duties of hospitality."

The young man bowed deeply, at once subjugated by those bright eyes that looked mischievously at him and by the subtle smile of those red lips which addressed to him words so gracious—without suspecting, poor fellow, that he himself was the cause of that mirth held within bounds only by exquisite politeness.

In fact, that indiscreet Bompane, informed by chance a few moments after his arrival at Givioso of the existence and perfect health of the Marchese Gamberti, had not been able to restrain his hilarity, and invited to explain it by the family into which he had been received he had related the change of the billit of quarters, the enthusiasm and the matrimonial hopes of Terbiani.

Such was the true motive of the ready return of the marchesa, who, delighted with the opportunity which presented itself for the exercise of her wit and her good humor, had hastened to come to take her part in the little comedy.

"Do not let my presence hinder you from retiring, lieutenant," said the lady, with coquetry. "You must feel a great need of rest after this fatiguing day's march in the snow."

And he gallantly:

"Oh, signora, there is no weariness that could make me renounce these moments of your charming conversation."

"As to the charm of my conversation," she said, laughing, "permit me to make you observe that you are not yet in a position to judge of it. As for me, instead," she quickly added, determined to appear coquettish, "it seems too good to be true to chat with a person who does not belong to my family and whom I do not see every day. I assure you that one has quite enough of solitude after a whole long winter passed in this forsaken little place."

"I can believe it, signora marchesa. But why condemn yourself to this seclusion?"

"Ah, this is it. The physician has known how to persuade my family that this rest was absolutely necessary for me, and I have preferred to subject myself to the doctor's advice rather than to the scenes of tender reproach that my refusal would have provoked. At all events, I have gained the color of a peasant, for it seems that to be bored is good for the health. You can't imagine the impossible length of a winter day in this place and how hard it is to occupy the endless hours that compose it."

"I understand—oh, I understand!" repeated the young man, pulling his pointed mustache.

The dialogue thus begun ran successively over the whole ground where it could be carried by a man and a woman of good society who meet for the first time. They talked of literature, art, society, and discovered that they had several mutual friends at Rome, Milan and Naples.

The marchesa, pleased with the affair, which was, moreover, very harmless, and reassured by the fact that her husband would return the very next day, permitted herself some phrases, enough to lead on any man.

"Ah, I wish they would send me every day an officer to entertain," she concluded, offering to Terbiani her slender little hand. "I have been so well amused this evening."

In saying these words she was perfectly sincere.

As to the lieutenant, he was in the fifth heaven.

"Really this is absolutely what is wanted for me," he thought as he sank between the fine linen sheets, perfumed with orris, that had been prepared for him. "Pretty, elegant, witty, certainly of good family and with money. What a nose, like a hunting dog, I have had, eh? Now it is a question of maneuvering well. Tomorrow I will develop my plans."

And he went to sleep, dreaming of his good fortune.

On awaking he found an invitation from the Baron Corati di Givioso for a breakfast, followed by a fox hunt.

"I'm going ahead under full sail," exclaimed the young man, rubbing his hands. "This breakfast and this hunt today are what is wanted, for my maneuvers—of love, not war."

No sooner said than done. So far as depended upon himself, Terbiani profited as much as possible by the situation, to the great amusement of the Corati family and the pretty Marchesa Gamberti.

When, after a day passed mostly in the open air, amid noise, but in more than one place worthy to elicit sentimentality, the marchesa found herself again before the fire, in the drawing room of the previous evening, she was acquainted with Terbiani as few other women had been, for he had related to her during those hours the life, death and miracles of himself, wishing—repeated the worthy fellow—that she should have in regard to him neither illusions nor delusions.

Then he dilated, with melancholy reflections, upon the weariness and emptiness of bachelor existence.

The marchesa of course listened with patience and good will, full of encouragement, to these propositions, rather verbose, but of an irreproachable morality.

"And I suppose that the conclusion of all this is that you are thinking of marriage?" she said, looking at the clock on the mantelpiece. The train that brought home her husband was just then entering the station, and that phrase seemed to her suited to hasten the denouement of the comedy.

"Precisely, marchesa. The difficulty is, however, that I am very exacting in this matter without any right to be so."

"I am not of your opinion, lieutenant, as to your right," said the lady, with perfidious candor. "And I should undertake willingly to discover some perfection of a little girl who would call herself happy to become Signora Terbiani."

"Do you believe it possible?" asked the young man, with southern ardor, and he added, hesitating a little, "This encouragement, marchioness, offers me the opportunity to ask you—to ask you—since you say"——

Steps were heard in the anteroom. She interrupted him:

"Ah, I see that my sister Lucia has greatly pleased you."

"Oh, certainly, certainly. The Sinorina Lucia is one of the most charming ladies. That can be seen. But as I have only seen her beside a sister—yourself."

"Her sister has been married for 15 years, my dear lieutenant. She is already an old wife and an old mother," the marchesa said, laughing.

At that point the door opened, and there appeared a handsome man, tall and powerful of person, followed by two boys, with fresh, rosy faces, in traveling costume. All three flung themselves upon the neck of the marchesa without even perceiving the presence of the poor lieutenant, stupefied, turned to stone, more immovable and mute than a statue.

"The Marchese Gamberti, my husband," the lady presented him after having returned the family effusions. "Lieutenant Terbiani, an officer we have the good fortune to entertain."

"I am rejoiced to make your acquaintance, lieutenant," declared, with high bred courtesy, the Marchese Gamberti.

"Now," said the pretty lady, with an indescribable smile, which she was unable to repress, a smile that curled slightly the corners of her mouth—"now, come, lieutenant, let me present you to the marchesa, Widow Gamberti, mistress of the house and my mother-in-law."

So saying, she went toward an old gentlewoman, all wrapped up in a hooded cloak of silk and lace, who followed the marchese and the boys.

The word widow had been slightly emphasized on purpose, but Terbiani, who had not yet regained the use of speech, bowed profoundly without even appearing to comprehend the scene. And neither the best wines of the dowager's cellar nor the hospitable kindness of the marchese availed to give him back his presence of mind and his good humor.

"My love, your lieutenant is rather a dismal bore," observed the Marchese Gamberti when he found himself alone with his wife in the intimacy of their own room.

"Rather, he was very brilliant," the marchesa assured him, bursting into laughter. "But it was the arrival of all you others that made him change his mood. Fancy, at the moment you entered, he had launched forth into no less than an offer of marriage. He wanted me—really me. Yes, I please him, as it appears."

And gayly, while she loosened the thick braids of her heavy dark hair, she told the whole story in detail and by what able maneuvers she had managed the comedy to bring it to a denouement just at the instant when her husband—her dear, adored husband—would arrive.

The story was long, so that the Marchese and Marchesa Gamberti were still asleep when the regiment went away the next morning.

The snow had melted, like the hopes of poor Terbiani, and folds of whitish mist floated sadly here and there over the plain like tattered ganze.

It was lugubrious, this departure before daybreak in that gray and frosty April morning.

"Well," asked Lieutenant Bompane mischievously, "when is the wedding with your beautiful widow to take place?"

"Wedding! I shall never marry," replied Terbiani, with a tragic air that wished to appear scornful. "I only wanted to make a little closer acquaintance with that brunette, and I have played a little bit of sentimental comedy. The Lord keep me from matrimony. Women are too perfidious."

And after this he added, with a sincere sigh:

"Perfidious as the waves!"—Translated From the Italian of Countess Lara For Short Stories.

The Polite Conductor.

She was a stranger, but that was not against her if she had not assumed such haughty airs and proceeded to dictate terms to everybody in sight. She got on a Jefferson avenue car shortly after it had passed Woodward and at once called imperiously for the conductor to approach her august presence.

"I want to go to Woodward avenue," she said commandingly.

"Then, madam," he responded courteously, "you should have got on the car on the other side of the streeet, which we have just passed."

"Sir?" she exclaimed.

He repeated his remark.

"Well," she retorted, "I'd like to know what difference it makes what side of the street I get on a car at. I never heard of a street car line making any such discrimination as that. Do you mean to tell me I've got to go back there to the other side of that street and take the car there?"

"Not necessarily, madam," he said, bowing. "You can go on with us and come back."

The car by this time had got a block or so farther along on its journey.

"You see, madam," he added, "if you had got on the car most anywhere on the other side of that street you would have been there in no time, for that street is Woodward avenue. Will you go on with us, or shall I stop the car and permit you to return?"

It is such conductors as this that preserve the democracy of the republic.—Detroit Free Press.

Quick Work.

"To look at a railway locomotive one would scarcely think that by any possibility it could be put together in less than one day," remarked Thomas G. Bick of Montreal, "yet that astonishing feat was accomplished not long ago in England, the work occupying less than 10 hours from the driving of the first rivet to the application of the final coat of varnish. The start was made at 9 o'clock in the morning, and 11 minutes afterward the first rivet was put into the frames. The cylinders were set and fixed in 1 hour and 17 minutes. Four hours and 17 minutes from the start the boiler was in place, and 1 hour and 20 minutes later the engine was wheeled. The wheels were supplied just as they left the shops, and the eccentric sheaves had to be fixed and the axle boxes, connecting rod and coupling rod brasses fitted by the erectors. Eight hours and 22 minutes from the start the valve setting was completed, and the painting of the engine was begun 15 minutes later. In 9 hours and 47 minutes from the start the engine and tender were completed in every detail. One hundred and thirty-seven men were engaged in the work. The locomotive was put into regular service on the day it was completed and has been running continuously ever since."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Lip Reading.

It is marvelous to see the perfection which some people who have become deaf in middle life attain in lip reading. It is something that can be learned by oneself after the first few lessons. A hand glass is all that is necessary for the regular study, and every person met furnishes practice. Like all study, it requires perservance to become an adept, but the reward is so great in this case that it is worth working for even if one is not deaf. Soon we may appreciate the advantages of being able to speak to a person silently and from a distance and to receive what is said to us without depending on the easily confused ear. Soon lip reading may become a fad, and any one who wishes to be accomplished in this way while it is a rarity would better begin at once. Parents with children of defective hearing are almost inexcusable if they neglect having such children taught lip reading while it is easily learned.—Newport News.

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No. 26 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour), plain regulator, and all improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid 14k. gold, U. S. assay. It weighs 2 oz., and is a beauty. We save subscribers many dollars, and sell this elegant watch, delivered free, for.....$32.80

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HUNTING CASE GOLD WATCH.
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No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metel, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered.....$10.80

NICKEL-SILVER WATCH.
WALTHAM OR ELGIN. OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $5.50.
OFFER NO. 29.

No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$5.50

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SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING CASE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
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No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for.....$9.75

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MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
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SOLID GOLD, FANCY ENGRAVED, HUNTING-CASE WATCH.
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No. 28 is a watch of the very latest style. The works contain seven jewels and all improvements. The case is solid gold, fancy engraved in a beautiful pattern. This watch is worth $25. We will send it, delivery gauranteed, and prepaid, for only.....$17.50

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No. 24 is a Ladies' size, seven-jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting-case. This case is made by rolling a heavy sheet of solid gold upon a sheet of very stiff composition metal. It is just like a $50 solid gold watch in appearance. This is a great bargain, and we cannot recommend it too highly. It gives any person who has a small amount to spend a chance to own a gold watch. Price, by insured registered mail.....$10

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OFFER NO. 21.

No. 21 is a solid coin-silver hunting-case Waltham or Elgin watch. In the works are seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, plain regulator and all improvements. Like all the watches we offer, it is a stem-wind and setter. Sent to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$9.50

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"THE CITIZEN" NEWSPAPER CO.,
69 Dearborn-st., Chicago, Ill.

O KING, LIVE FOREVER

SO SAID HIS SUBJECTS, AND THE KING BEGAN TO DO IT.

Secrets of Longevity Which Will Enable Common Men to Follow the Example of the Monarch—Mr. William Kinnear's Dietary Doctrine.

"And they said, 'O king, live forever!' Whereupon the king immediately began to live forever." This fragment of history, preserved in the chorus of a college song, used to be regarded in earlier days rather as a singular instance of royal condescension than as encouraging any personal efforts at immortality. In one of Mr. Andrew Lang's stories a young Oxonian, when confronted with a ghostly coach and six, tried to reassure himself by the reflection that a ghost would hardly put himself to all this trouble and expense for a mere undergraduate. All undergraduates are not gifted with the same praiseworthy humility, but without any undue diffidence most of us tacitly felt that the honors of immortality were probably beyond our reach. However, for this later and more fortunate generation Mr. William Kinnear has come to the rescue. It seems that he had been maturing a little plan for living 300 years in average good health.

The announcement is attractive, but we must confess that, on investigation, it seems to us full of disappointment. It is possible that Mr. Kinnear's method of life may promote good health, but so far as comfort is concerned it fails dismally. This is an objection common to nearly every system which aims at making man something more than human. The element of asceticism in our nature is almost as strong as our selfishness. In every age there have been people who cherish the conviction that they can but attain spiritual excellence by making themselves needlessly uncomfortable.

Mr. Kinnear is comparatively moderate in his promises, but his regime, like the rest of them, is branded with the curse of discomfort. It seems that t chief enemies to vitality are the air breathe, the water we drink and the bread and meat we eat, all of which apparently conspire to form earthly deposits of a gelatinous and fibrinous character in our unfortunate system. These deposits, which mostly consist of carbonate and phosphate of lime, interfere with the physical functions generally, and in particular impede the proper repair of tissue.

Moreover, it is to their constant and increasing presence that the stiffness and dryness characteristic of senility are due. Hence if we wish to prolong life and avert, in part at any rate, the inconveniences of old age we should minimise these earthly deposits. Unfortunately we cannot dispense entirely with air, water and food, but we can combat the mischievous effect of atmospheric oxygen by the use of phosphoric acid. By drinking distilled water only we escape the calcareous salts which ordinary water would deposit in our tissues, and by avoiding everything fit to eat we may render our daily food comparatively innocuous. Practically his recommendations come to this: Abstain from bread, meat and nitrogenous food generally and live upon apples and distilled water flavored with phosphoric acid.

Such a menu is a high price to pay for longevity, and after an orgie conducted on these lines for two centuries the proselyte would probably be able to give an emphatic answer to the question, "Is life worth living?" The monotony of the regime is alone sufficient to make it distasteful, but the objections to it strike somewhat deeper than this. Nitrogen possesses to a peculiar extent the power of holding other chemical substances in combination. This is at once the cause of the stability, as it is called, of nitrogen compounds and of the tremendous power which many of them display. Nitrogen enters largely into the composition of muscular tissue or flesh and thereby becomes the chief source of physical energy. To diminish the supply of nitrogen as Mr. Kinnear proposes would almost inevitably produce a chronic lassitude. Nor is this the only danger, for the patient (this really seems the most appropriate word), cut off from his usual nitrogeneous diet, would be tempted to supply the want by a larger consumption of the vegetable foods left open to him and thereby to overcharge his system with carbon.

A dietary doctrine which proclaims that "in the necessary elements of nutrition lurk the enemies of life" may fairly be regarded with preliminary suspicion. But even with this proposition accepted it is surely fatal to Mr. Kinnear's claim that to follow his system is to live according to nature in the highest and finest sense. If nature judiciously doctors our necessary foods with slow poison, it is clear that she cannot intend us to cumber the earth too long. If she does not Mr. Kinnear's theory collapses. But whether his diagnosis be right or wrong it seems fairly clear that nature does not look with favor on an abnormal length of life. According to Professor Weissman nature only favors the survival of the individual so far as it is necessary to provide for the perpetuation of the species. The moment this point is passed the forces of nature turn against him. The species can probably take care of itself physiologically without any persuasion on our part, but the social and political inconveniences which attend any wide success of Mr. Kinnear's system cannot be contemplated without dismay. These are sufficiently obvious to any unprejudiced mind and form far too delicate a topic for discussion here. On one point, however, we must confess to what we trust is a pardonable curiosity. How old is Mr. William Kinnear?—London World.

Cool Request.

"Oh—er—Jarvis—would you mind pretending to pick a quarrel with me and just giving me a push, you know? I want to test the pluck of this big dog of mine."—London Answers.

A Clever Dog.

Scarcely anything is lacking in the mental furniture of this psychological dog to make him the equal of a baby 2 years old, except thinking in words, and who can prove that he is destitute of this faculty, although not possessing articulate speech? One evening while I was giving my plants a drink he came to me several times, asking me to have the gate opened. Not caring to lay down the hose, I paid little heed to his teasings, and he determined to compass his purpose in another way. To the front door he went, and pressing it found it not latched, but requiring some force to throw it open. Then he backed out the full width of the veranda, and running threw his weight so violently against the door as to drive it open. Very soon he reappeared with his mistress, to whom he had made his supplication, and she, without knowing of his failure with me, opened the gate and gave the little fellow his coveted freedom. It should be explained in regard to the wit shown in opening a heavy or sticking door that Toots acquired his experience with a fly door closed by the reaction of a spring. He found by experiments that if with his fore paws he pressed this door open just far enough to emit his body it would spring to and pinch his tail, and that by retreating and running the whole length of a small entry he would impart momentum enough to open the door wide and thus clear his tail, at the same time letting out a dependent companion. This act, I am inclined to think, is a little smarter than is usual in a 2-year-old child.—Popular Science Monthly.

Do Spiders Hear?

Experiments recently made with a tuning fork have convinced Mr. Pocock, an English naturalist, that some spiders at least really hear the sound produced by the fork. Indeed the conduct of spiders when a vibrating tuning fork is held near their webs is quite remarkable.

Some species, as, for instance, the ordinary garden spider, Epeira diademata, will run at the fork and strike or snatch at it with their fore legs.

The amaurobius, a spider which builds tubular webs in holes in walls, runs about in great excitement when the tuning fork is held near it. This spider can be enticed out of its hole by holding the fork near the entrance, and it will even climb upon the vibrating instrument.

Another species of garden spider, which is smaller and handsomer than the epeira, always, according to Mr. Pocock, drops from its web in terror when a tuning fork is held over it. These spiders are the prey of wasps, and as they always drop from their webs on the approach of their insect enemy it has been suggested that they mistake the sound of the tuning fork for the humming of a wasp's wings.

But some observers do not assent to the conclusion that it is the sound of the fork which attracts the attention of the spiders. They think the vibration is conveyed through the air to the webs, and that the slight motion thus imparted is perceptible by the spiders.—Youth's Companion.

The Earth's Temperature.

One of the most learned of modern geologists, Sir William Thomson, has expressed the opinion that for the last 96,000,000 years the rate of increase of the earth's temperature under ground has gradually diminished from about one-tenth to about one-fiftieth of a degree F. per foot. The present argument, however, as to the date of the consolidation of the earth, based on the assumption that the earth is simply a cooling globe, is met with serious objections, one of the most forcible being that as the solidification of the earth probably began from the middle and spread to the surface it is not only possible but likely that after a firm crust had been formed the upper portion still retained some degree of viscosity. If, then, the interior be viscous, some tidal oscillations must take place in it, and these being subject to friction heat must be generated in the viscous portion, and the diurnal rotation of the earth must be retarded. According to the supposition of an eminent scientist—viz, that it is only those strata which are within some hundreds of miles of the surface which are viscous, while the central portion is rigid—then, when tidal friction does its work, the same amount of heat is generated as on the hypothesis of the viscosity of the entire planet, but instead of being distributed throughout the whole mass, and principally toward the middle, it is now to be found in the more superficial layers.—New York Sun.

The Duties of a Party Whip.

Reverting to the duties of a whip and patronage secretary, it is an astonishing fact that gentlemen of birth and social position can be found to fill the post. The junior whips' duties are not only onerous, but irksome. They sit or stand in the outer lobby of the house from half past 3 to half past 12 at night, and they ask every member who passes where he is going, whether he is paired and when he will be back. If he is not paired, they have either to find a pair for him or to prevent him from passing out by coaxing or threats, the former for preference. When their party are in, these gentlemen have to attend their office from 12 to 3. Their hours of duty are, therefore, from 11 a. m. to 12 p. m., or 13 hours, with intervals for lunch and dinner, and this they do for £1,000 a year. When their party is out, they do it, minus their office work, for nothing.

In addition to keeping an eye on his juniors, the chief whip, who has £2,000 a year, deals with the members on their more touchy side. It is he who practically distributes ribbons and titles and sees that cards of invitation are sent to this man and that; that no one is given undue preference, a delicate duty which requires much tact and skill. Mr. Tom Ellis is popular, and that goes a great way. He has tact, and that goes further. At present he lacks experience, but that will come.—Cardiff Mail.

HANDY WITH THEIR FEET.

Hindoos Able to Utilize Their Nether Extremities to Great Advantage.

In the native quarters of the towns of India the strange spectacle may be seen of a butcher seizing a piece of meat in his hands and cutting it in two with a stroke of his knife held between the first and second toes of his foot. The shoemaker uses no last, but turns the unfinished shoe with his feet, while his hands are busy in shaping it. So the carpenter holds with his great toe the board he is cutting, and the wood turner handles his tools as well with his toes as with his fingers.

This use of the feet to assist the hands in their labor is not, however, the mere result of practice, but is principally due to the fact that the Hindoo foot is quite different from ours in its anatomical conformation. The ankle of the Hindoo and the articulation of the back of the foot permit considerable lateral motion. Then the toes possess a surprising mobility. The great toe can be moved freely in all directions, and the first and second toes are separated by a wide space, sometimes as much as five-eighths of an inch across at the base of the toes and two inches at their extremities.

The articulation of the hip is also peculiar, and this renders it easier to use the toes in handling the objects by enabling the Hindoo to sit in a squatting posture much more comfortably than we can do. A similar formation of the feet and toes is found among the Annamese, but it is not, as might be supposed, a common thing among barbarous and savage tribes.

One naturally thinks of the resemblance to a monkey which a human being using both feet and hands in the manner described above must present, and yet M. Regnault is careful to point out the fact that the Hindoo foot is not at all like the foot of an ape or monkey. The great toe is not opposed to the other toes like a thumb, as occurs with the monkey, and accordingly the pedal dexterity of the Hindoos is not to be taken as an indication of simian descent.—Pearson's Weekly.

Women's Politeness.

Volumes have been written and said about the impoliteness of men toward women in the street cars.

Columns might be printed about the rude ingratitude of women toward men in these equipages.

The other morning I was wedged into an interstice on a crowded Madison cable train. Near me was a woman hanging to a strap, and my neighbor was a man occupying a seat. It was apparent that he argued with himself—and then the spirit of kindness evidently came out ahead.

He struggled to his feet and offered the vacated seat to the woman. She promptly accepted. Her only recognition of the courtesy was a bold stare after she had settled in "charity quarters." A look of disgust was his retort, but that was almost instantly succeeded by a most charming smile.

The man leaned forward and smiled some more. Such genialness was pleasant to see.

"Madam," he said, and his tone was of the gentlest, "madam, what do we ask children to say when teaching them how to accept a favor?"

I really think it was surprised instinct that made her immediately respond, "Thank you!"

The next moment, oh, wasn't she mad!

But not a word was spoken. There was a peculiar quietness in one district of the cosmopolitan conveyance.—Chicago Mail.

The French Village Laborer.

The material condition of the day laborer is much better than it was half a century ago in every way. Then men might be seen thrashing the corn in winter, working by the light of a lamp from 3:30 a. m. to 7 p. m., receiving only sixpence a day and their food, and during the harvest they earned only 1s. 6d. a day.

A farm servant of 14 years of age, who now earns at least £4 a year, then received only his food, the farmer supplying him with wooden shoes and a blouse. At 17 only would he begin to earn a little money. As a rule, the French laborer is sober, industrious, hardworking and thrifty, his chief aim being to save a little money or to buy land to leave to his children. As a rule, families are not numerous, and one rarely if ever sees such early marriages as are frequent among the lower classes in England. One reason is that the military service is compulsory. Every man, unless physically disabled, is bound to serve for three years, from 21 to 24, so they cannot marry till this is over, at any rate, and many do not till much later. However, the military service is certainly borne without reluctance and as a matter of course by most Frenchmen.—Contemporary Review.

Misplaced.

It is a curious fact that success is sometimes won by those who have no enthusiasm for the profession they follow. Fanny Kemble was by no means fond of acting and would gladly have left the stage earlier had not circumstances bound her there.

A brilliant young violinist played one day for Mrs. Gladstone, and the latter said to her:

"Is there anything you care more for than your Stradivarius?"

The young lady colored a little. "The violin is not an absorbing passion with me," she replied modestly.

"Perhaps you have artistic talent?" the hostess suggested.

"Indeed I have not," was the honest response. "But, Mrs. Gladstone, I love to cook. I really believe I could make a chef if I had the opportunity to practice."—Youth's Companion.

Can Talk—a Little.

Miss Smythers—What is your opinion of that young Mr. Fattehed?

Miss Caustique—Very high. He is a living confirmation of Professor Garner's theory.—Chicago Record.

WHERE HE FOUND HIS NAME.

Gentlemanly Dick, the Bus Driver Who Defended the Fair Sex.

"Gentlemanly Dick he was called," and the speaker took his pipe out of his mouth and glanced around the waiting room where he and two comrades were sitting watching for the night express with the hope of getting a few passengers for the hotels. They were all bus drivers, young and hearty looking fellows.

"Yes," mused one of the men, "I know who he is. I seen him one day not long since. He had just rescued a poor, 'croppy' lookin dog from the boys and said he was goin to take it home to his gals. What was the reason of his bein called 'Gentlemanly Dick.'"

"Didn't you never know?" asked the first speaker.

"Nope. Let's hear about it. I've had some curiosity to know," and the other two men lit their pipes afresh and settled themselves comfortably in expectation of the forthcoming interesting narrative.

"Well, you see, he uster drive for the Brown House. Drove their best bus for eight years, and he allus tipped his hat to the passengers. Some of them he seen so often he got to know 'em, and they'd say some pleasant thing now and then to make a feller feel good. One night him and me wos settin round this here stove, and there wos four fellers come in. They sat down in that there corner," and the speaker jerked his thumb toward the spot indicated, "and begun to talk. I wos settin here smokin and Dick wos smokin too. He wasn't sayin much, but seemed to be doin some deep thinkin. Every little while he would run his fingers through his thin gray hair.

"All of a sudden one of them fellers let out a string of oaths as long as my arm." And the speaker held out a good brawny specimen for illustration.

"Dick didn't say nothin, but he looked up sudden and scowled; then he puffed away on his pipe again. Finally one of them made a remark. Well, it was pretty sweepin. 'Twas about women in general, and there wasn't no gettin round it. It made me hot. Well, sir, Dick got right up and walked over to them.

"'Boys,' he sez, 'I've lived nearly 60 years, and in the same space of time I've never heard so much profanity, vile talk and slander as I've heard from you fellows tonight in 20 minutes.' Then he went on: 'I had a mother and a wife, God bless 'em, and I've got one sister still livin, though I hain't seen her for years, and it makes me shiver in my boots to hear the way you speak. You are all good lookin chaps and seem well dressed and respectable. For the sake of your mothers, sweethearts or wives quit talking such wickedness. I don't mean to be harsh. I only speak with the privilege which comes of old age.'

"Them fellers, sir, if you'll believe me, set still and never spoke all the while that Dick was a-talkin. Finally one feller, who knew Dick, the biggest one in the crowd, said in a hearty way: 'Thanks, old fellow. I say, boys, three cheers for Gentlemanly Dick.' And they were given with a hearty will. Then one after another got up and sneaked out in the night. Hello, here comes the express! Hope she's loaded for this here town." And the men all left. The little waiting room which had served as a lecture room was vacant.—Chicago Tribune.

Why Chinamen Change Signs.

A Washington street Chinaman changed his sign the other day, name and all. One of his customers, after the sign had been changed, stopped in to see if a new Chinaman had taken possession of the place. He found the same laundryman as had been there for a good many months.

"What did you change the name on your sign for?" was asked of him.

"Oh, that nothin. Only sign name. That's all."

"Why don't you put your own name on the sign?"

"Oh, see if I sellee place, can't sellee sign. See? Any name good sign. That's all."

He then explained that it was a common practice among Chinamen to change their signs frequently, and that by so doing they believed that it encouraged trade and thus reimbursed them for the expenditure in red paint and unpronounceable characters.—Buffalo Express.

Forty Winks For Insomnia.

"I have a new remedy for insomnia," said the nervous member as he entered the club rooms.

"If it is good, tell us about it."

"It is very simple. Just go to bed and take the most comfortable position for sleeping. Then slowly open and close your eyes. If, after 40 winks, you are not asleep, then try 40 more. The great difficulty with victims of insomnia is that they almost always fall to thinking of the events of the day. This may be prevented by persistent counting, but that is itself a mental effort and wakes one up. Not so, however, with winking. I defy any of you to think of anything else while you are engaged in this simple exercise."—Utica Observer.

A Homemade Sign.

On Lexington avenue near Eighty-third street there stands in front of a shoemaker's shop a home painted sign that is pitifully comic. It would be a painfully deformed man indeed who could wear a boot shaped like the one thereon displayed, beneath which is the announcement that "Laddies sheos" will be "half soeld" and heeled for one price; "Childrings and mans" for another. Apropos of this subject, I saw a shoemaker's sign the other day bearing the euphonious and appropriate name of Shintog.—Polly Pry in New York Recorder.

What She Keeps.

Miss Tweed—That Mrs. Chirp is horrid! I don't believe she can keep anything.

"Oh, yes. She keeps telling everything she hears."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

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Div 26—Jas Kerwin, Pres, 5314 Atlantic-st; P Molloy, VP; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol-st; James E Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 2nd Saturday of each month at 7:30 p m in Shields' hall, Fifty-first-st and Wentworth-av.

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St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaefer, 1501 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 559 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, [illegible] Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4720 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4659 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Draper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 314 Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western ave.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 420 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 62 Hohswk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 567 Leflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foisy. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 139 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 Mott place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 104 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 39 W 13th st; R S Julius Esler, 894 W 18th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippelsa, 133 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebracht, 1037 S Leavitt st; F S, J P Maibach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 326 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 2197 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauer, 485 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson ave.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 578 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 126 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krieger; Treas, J C Cramer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 36—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Klenke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 2906 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western ave.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harrison st.

St Juan's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 3518 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 3723

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